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BY COMBINING A GOOD HEART with a shrewd political head Mayor Walker makes, in his trip to California to intercede for Tom Mooney, a gesture that leaves his critics temporarily speechless. Here is a man who has been taken to task by them time and again as a slacker who placed the interests of the city of New York a long way after the interests of Jimmy Walker; and here is that same man traveling 3,000 miles—with only one football game for diversion on the way—to make a plea, as a private lawyer, for the man who has for nearly fifteen years been in jail as the chief martyr to labor's cause. If this seems churlish, let us hasten to say that no more fortunate thing could have happened to Tom Mooney: Jimmy Walker, hobnobbing with his friend Sunny Jim Rolph, will do more to end an imprisonment which thousands of honest Americans believe unjust than any other agency in the country could possibly do; for the first time in years, indeed, there is real hope for Tom Mooney. Moreover, 3,000 miles is a long way to go for a mere political gesture, and there is no doubt that Mayor Walker was genuinely moved by his belief in Mooney's innocence as well as by the appeal of Mooney's eighty-four-year-old mother. When all this is said, however, the fact remains that *if* the Mayor had wished effectively to silence his critics, and *if* he had wished to weaken the force of the Seabury revelations —which are getting nearer and nearer home—he could not have chosen a more effective method. It is all to the good for Tom Mooney and all to the good for Mayor Walker; and he has our warmest wishes for a happy and successful journey!

THE RAILROAD EXECUTIVES have met the Interstate Commerce Commission's freight-rate proposals in a less generous spirit than might have been hoped for. There is some justification for the plan of the executives to extend the benefits of the proposed freight-rate increase to the weaker roads in the form of loans rather than outright gifts; they contend that to treat the advances in this way would "relieve legal difficulties regarded as substantial." The executives are also justified in holding that these loans should be repaid by any railroad before that road pays or resumes dividends to stockholders. But they are following a narrow policy in providing that such loans must be paid off within two to four years and that these loans must bear interest at the prevailing rate of the New York Federal Reserve Bank. Such a policy would mean that the strong roads would ultimately get the full benefit of the freight-rate increases, which was not the commission's intention. It would plainly mean—the executives' statement to the contrary notwithstanding—that the weak roads would be saddled with more debt and more interest charges. If the proceeds of the suggested freight-rate increase are to be distributed to the weak roads in the form of loans and not of "gifts," then the commission should at least insist that these loans bear no interest and that their principal be repaid or reduced only when an excess of earnings over existing fixed debt charges makes such repayment possible.

WITH THE REFUSAL of the railroad union leaders to accept the 10 per cent "voluntary" reduction in wages suggested by the railroad executives, the question will probably soon be placed before the Board of Mediation provided by the law for the settlement of railway labor disputes. The union leaders are apparently not opposed unconditionally to a wage reduction; they insist, however, that they cannot accept such a reduction when the railroad executives fail to give assurance that the money saved through a wage cut will be applied either "to increase employment or even to stabilize existing employment." The railway executives, in their turn, hold that under present depressed and unstable conditions they are not in a position to give assurances of the kind demanded. Their contention is, briefly, that a large number of railroads are faced with receivership; that only a cut in wages will now forestall such receivership, and, further, that the wage cut they propose would still leave the income of railway labor in terms of living costs substantially where it was in 1929 before the present depression began. The whole problem would be immeasurably

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simpler to solve if all investment in the railroads were in the form of stock instead of more than half being in the form of fixed, interest-bearing bonds. As the situation stands, the main losses of the railroad depression have been taken by labor and by stockholders. Dividends have been cut 25 to 50 per cent or omitted altogether; a large part of railway labor is now unemployed, another part has been placed on reduced working hours; while the great mass of bond-holders are still receiving their interest undiminished. Whatever the solution of the problem, the present situation illustrates more seriously than ever before the dangers of fixed capital obligations in a fluctuating economy.

SIGNOR GRANDI, Foreign Minister of Italy, has at least had the satisfaction of knowing that the United States government will do its utmost to secure such distinguished visitors as himself from possible assault by any of the less responsible residents of the country. Whether he obtained anything more substantial during his stay in Washington is rather hard to say. Grandi has, of course, been assured that the United States wants peace, favors a reduction in armaments, is praying for relief from the international economic situation, and would like to see something done in all three of these directions. But he could have learned as much by remaining in Rome and reading the daily newspaper dispatches from Washington. The personal contacts he has established in this country will undoubtedly help both the United States and Italy, but if he came seeking something more definite he has very likely been disappointed. During the Fascist Foreign Minister's stay here the most elaborate precautions were taken to guard his person. To protect him from possibly hostile New York crowds upon his arrival, he was required to board the train to Washington at an obscure and seldom-used railway station in New Jersey, and when he received the keys of the city from Mayor Walker, 2,000 policemen were detailed to line up along lower Broadway facing the bystanders on the sidewalks. This must have made Signor Grandi feel not only that he was safe but that America was just like home.

THOSE AMERICANS who believe that the United States should cease all trading with the Soviets and who plan to have a bill introduced into Congress cutting off business relations with Russia ought to be greatly relieved by the latest figures for that trade. During the first ten months of 1931 the Soviet Union placed orders for only $49,400,000 worth of business as compared with $102,800,000 during the same period of 1930, a drop of 52 per cent. The October figure is startling. Only $298,000 worth of American goods was purchased, less than 10 per cent of the orders placed in October of last year. The enemies of the Soviets declare that this is due to the weakening of the Soviet financial condition and to the fact that the Russians are unable to obtain long-term credits here which they can get elsewhere. That is only part of the story, we are sure; they would be less than human if they did not resent the kind of treatment they have been getting in this country. America's loss is the gain of Great Britain, Germany, and Italy. Great Britain has passed us this year, having received orders up to September 15 aggregating $57,153,600, an increase of 200 per cent. Business with Germany has exceeded $200,000,000 this year, an increase of more than 100 per cent, and Italy, too, shows an increased business with the Soviets. It is interesting to note that the Soviet agent in the United States, the Amtorg Trading Corporation, has paid out $89,000,000 in cash in the first ten months of this year, and $9,000,000 more in the first ten days of November. For ourselves we find this loss of Russian trade an extremely melancholy happening in view of the ten millions of Americans facing a winter without work.

AN INEXCUSABLE slip of the pen and reliance upon a misleading Washington dispatch made us do a substantial injustice to Mr. Gerard Swope in our issue of November 11. Discussing his appearance before the La Follette committee, we wrote that "aside from suggesting further experimentation with the anti-trust laws" Mr. Swope had no "concrete proposal for improving the country's economic machinery." What we obviously meant to say was that Mr. Swope had no further constructive suggestions to make in addition to his plan for economic rehabilitation. Nobody else in the field of large business has made so clear-cut and so constructive a contribution in this time of economic distress and discussion of economic plans. That we have tried to make clear. We have our doubts, like many others, as to certain phases of Mr. Swope's plan, but we have never been other than grateful that it was advanced by a man in his position to stimulate discussion and to prove that some men in key industrial positions are thinking and planning for the future. We were misled by a dispatch which said that Mr. Swope "opposed suggestions that the government put a somewhat similar plan to his own into operation." From the text of his statement it appears that Mr. Swope stated to the committee, "I am entirely in sympathy with having a national economic council." He added, however, that the work given to this council would be "so large that I question whether there would be any adequate results."

ENGLAND'S NEW National Government did not hesitate very long before striking out on the high road to a protective tariff. The new emergency measure authorizing the Board of Trade to levy duties up to 100 per cent ad valorem on manufactured goods from abroad was but a first step, but nevertheless a very decisive one. History has shown that once this road is taken there is no turning back. It is true that the emergency tariff is not to be applied to agricultural products; to have proposed a tax on the food of England would have been cruel, perhaps suicidal for the present government, in view of the dark uncertainties of the coming winter. It is of more than passing significance that the emergency tariff was proposed, not by a Conservative, but by a supposedly free-trade Liberal, Walter Runciman, president of the Board of Trade. This undoubtedly will strengthen the position of the Conservatives when they seek to enact a permanent protective tariff next spring. Nor are the Conservatives slow to show their hand in another matter. A few days ago one hundred Conservative Members of Parliament warned Prime Minister MacDonald that he must consult with the House of Commons before declaring the new government's policy toward India. This is not only a bad omen for India, but it indicates clearly that the Conservatives intend to dictate the course of the present government, and that Mr. MacDonald must either submit to their dictation or get out.

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FRITZ THYSSEN, one of the steel barons of Germany, has stirred up an unexpected storm at home because of his speech before the Major Industries Conference held at Columbia University in October. He declared that the German government's social-welfare expenditures had increased from seven and a half billion marks in 1913 to thirty billion in 1930; that as a result of this increase the United Steel Works (of which he is a director) was paying taxes six times as great as those paid by steel companies in America; and that the labor unions and Social Democratic Party had by their tactics virtually destroyed all opportunity for private industry in Germany to make profits. This he called "the legalized effect of the social revolution." Critics at home immediately accused him of seeking to undermine foreign confidence in Germany, and particularly in the Brüning Government, in order thereby to pave the way for the rise of Hitler to power. Adding to this criticism, the Socialist newspaper *Vorwärts* has challenged the accuracy of Herr Thyssen's statistics, declaring the discrepancy between the 1913 and 1930 welfare figures to be much less than he claimed. Moreover, his figure of thirty billion included, according to *Vorwärts,* insurance and other payments to war veterans, which any conservative government doubtless would have been called upon to make, not to mention maintenance for thousands of families who lost all their property in the inflation, for which *Vorwärts* holds Thyssen and his fellow-industrialists responsible. Secondly, *Vorwärts* published figures to show that the tax rate of the United Steel Works was not only not six times higher than that of the American steel companies, but was in fact lower than the United States Steel Corporation's tax rate. *Vorwärts* concluded that if steel production in Germany is really unprofitable, it is not owing to socialism or social taxation but to plain mismanagement.

ALL THE PROVOCATIVE ORATORY at the command of Commonwealth Attorney W. C. Hamilton, and all his hysterical attempts to build up a red scare in the Mount Sterling, Kentucky, courtroom for the benefit of the twelve jurors, proved insufficient to convict William Burnett, Harlan County miner, on a charge of murder. The jury, after deliberating six hours, acquitted Burnett. It failed to heed Hamilton's spirited denunciation of "the red flag of murder, tyranny, and crime." The jury had presence of mind enough to remember that it was not Russia, but Burnett, who was being tried, and that the charge was not treason, but murder. The acquittal may be considered a good omen for the other miners being tried for murder, and for the sixty or seventy persons facing trial on charges of criminal syndicalism. For one thing, the Burnett trial indicates that the common people of Kentucky, from whom the Mount Sterling jury was drawn, have not been moved by the efforts of Judge D. C. Jones, of Harlan County, to pin the Bolshevik label on everyone who has dared support the miners in their struggle against starvation. But if this sympathy extends to the miners, it may not embrace outsiders who have gone into the State to investigate labor conditions in the mine fields. Theodore Dreiser, John Dos Passos, and other members of Dreiser's investigating committee, have been indicted on charges of criminal syndicalism. Although the complaints against them appear pretty thin in substance, it is by no means certain that they can escape long prison sentences if their cases actually come to trial. All the more reason for the heartiest support of their cause by every friend of justice.

SIX TO TEN THOUSAND families are in dire need in Lawrence, Massachusetts, as a result of the industrial struggle which the mill workers of that city have been unsuccessfully waging. The strike of a few weeks ago, although supposed to have been technically settled by a compromise wage agreement, has been turned into a lockout on the part of the mills. No relief of consequence is being extended by the city, the Red Cross, or by charity organizations. Persons who have applied to the municipal government for help have been referred to the labor unions. However, faced with a hostile press and unable to agree among themselves, the unions have had great difficulty in obtaining enough funds to care for even their own members. There are three labor organizations active in the city. One of the three, the American Textile Workers, represents 3,000 mill families, virtually all of whom are in want. Its officials have publicly offered to permit any charity organization of good standing to supervise the collection and expenditure of funds which they are now seeking to collect. The A. T. W. frankly plans to care for its own members first, but it hopes to be able to extend relief to other mill families as far as its funds will permit. Contributions in the form of food, clothing, or checks may be sent to James W. Sullivan, treasurer, American Textile Workers, 180 Essex Street, Lawrence, Massachusetts.

IN TAOS, New Mexico, the people have taken a step which will go a long way toward solving the depression—for them. Broadsides have been printed and distributed which read somewhat as follows:

> To the people of the County of Taos: Attention! A new idea!
> There is very little money this year.
> We are going to establish an open market in the Plaza of Taos.
> Come in your wagons and trucks one day each week.
> We are going to trade among ourselves and with the Indians, our grain, fruit, alfalfa, vegetables, meat, wool, herbs, blankets, and whatever else we have!
> Bring your things to the plaza here in Taos, Saturday, November 21, and all the Saturdays that follow.
> Then we will be able to dance on the Saturday nights!

This reversal to simple barter, to a sensible exchange of goods among neighbors, is somehow exceedingly touching in the United States of 1931. For the people of Taos it will provide the necessities of life—bread, meat, warmth, comfort, and sweets. They may laugh at freight rates, at the struggles of labor unions, at the pangs of financiers who must maintain the gold standard; they may even laugh at bread lines. Nothing sadder could be said about our modern industrial civilization than that there are so few places like Taos where such a solution of some of the difficulties that beset us could be found. If the unhappy inhabitants of New York City were obliged to resort to barter, how desperate would be their plight! Typewriters to be exchanged for check-books; unused office space for a gross of To Let signs; mahogany dining-room furniture for two radio sets. The staff of life has to be carried in every day; if we are to dance on Saturday nights, it is only so long as the railroads keep their wheels greased and their trains running.

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Japan's "Victory"

ON the face of the Manchurian situation Japan appears to have won a smashing victory. It has consolidated its gains, advancing far beyond its previous lines, and, with supreme insolence, has ordered the Russians not to send troops into the zone of Russian influence—in other words, not to do what Japan itself has done. Now, after having imposed its military will upon Manchuria and Russia, its representatives announce that they are ready for an after-the-fact investigating committee to be appointed by the League of Nations and to be headed by one of the most bellicose American generals. Meanwhile, Japan will be creating subservient local governments in the captured cities and will insist that all of this is merely to protect its interest in the South Manchuria Railway, which its spokesmen disclose to be as vital to Japan's defense of its homeland as the Panama Canal is to the United States.

To all of this we can only repeat that it seems to us as cold-blooded a bit of militaristic aggression as is recorded anywhere, and that, while we favor an impartial fact-finding inquiry by the League, we trust that no stone will be left unturned to get the Japanese back to their former positions, and later out of Manchuria altogether. We see no reason whatever why the Japanese crime of conquering and subjugating Korea should be reenacted at this hour in Manchuria. We are well aware of the Japanese justifications for this action: treaty violations by the Chinese, injustice to and even murder of Japanese nationals, the breakdown of local and provincial governments. They are familiar enough in every such military intervention, wherever it takes place and under whatever flag, whether in Manchuria, or Tripoli, or Nicaragua, or Haiti. There is always bad government, always insults and injury, and then the inevitable bloodshed and taking over of more or less of the weaker country's sovereignty and rights.

We can well understand why there are anger and surprise and resentment in Japan that this "civilized" procedure is being denounced by the rest of the world. The Japanese public knows, of course, that almost none of the great nations now seeking to limit its activities, and stop its aggressions in Manchuria, are taking a seat in court with clean hands. They have been guilty, too. But what the Japanese must realize is that the existence of the League itself and the signing of the Nine-Power Treaty and the Kellogg pact were meant to put a stop to this very thing, to usher in a new order of society. The integrity of China was specifically guaranteed in the former treaty. For the United States and the League to sit calmly by and witness the rendering of these treaties null and void was unthinkable. Nobody has any right whatever to criticize the League and the United States for acting. The only sound basis for criticism is that they did not act quickly or vigorously enough, that our own State Department has wobbled and blustered, and unfortunately succeeded in giving the false impression that it favored Japan when really the opposite was the case.

In other words, the Japanese are thinking in terms of a bygone era, and this remains true enough though the Japanese people are entirely united behind their government. They must, however, be prepared to pay the price of their mistake. In the first place, China has a deadly weapon to use and has already begun to use it—the boycott. The newly arrived Minister from Siam to the United States, who was until recently Minister in Tokio, reports that the boycotting of Japanese goods by China and Russia, together with the grave depression already felt in Japan, has created a serious problem in the latter country: "Japan, I was in a position to observe . . . could little afford such a boycott." From Canton and other Chinese cities comes a report that "the business of Japanese firms has almost ceased," and that the pickets are beginning to seize Japanese goods that remain unsold after two months' warning that no further sales would be tolerated after a given date. This is as it should be. We cannot see why any Chinese should refrain from joining such a non-resistance movement. We hope that they will refuse to deal with Japanese on any terms, to the extent of rendering the residence of Japanese in China impossible.

But we are not content to stop there. We still feel that the prestige of the League and of the United States demands the development of the severest pressure, and the application of sanctions whether a fact-finding commission is appointed or not. That commission can only establish details as to who was the aggressor, what the sequence of events, and what the Japanese have actually done. The fact of the aggression is perfectly clear; the obvious danger remains of a complete Japanese control of Manchuria by the elimination of anti-Japanese elements in high places in Manchuria and the erection of a government which will recognize Japan's rights and interests to the extent that it wishes them recognized. The more that outside pressure is brought to bear either through the Chinese boycott or the action of the Powers, the greater the chance that Japanese civilians will be able to assert a greater authority over their militarist adventurers who have outraged Manchuria, and succeeded in getting the approval of their government and their deluded fellow-citizens. How much that strengthening of civilian control is needed appears from the rumors that the position of Baron Shidehara, the present Foreign Minister, who has been responsible hitherto for the moderate attitude shown toward China by Japan, has been so shaken that he may shortly retire. This would be a genuine misfortune.

But most important of all is, of course, the necessity of upholding the treaty and establishing the power of the League as a reliable agency to prevent war. If Japan succeeds in holding what it has seized in Manchuria, the prestige of the League will be at a low ebb. Should it be followed by disaster at the coming disarmament conference, the League will be so damaged as to raise grave question of its future usefulness. If Japan takes over Manchuria after what has been nothing else than war, and the sanctity of the Kellogg pact is not upheld, that document must be regarded as having been fatally breached in its first test. If Japan can defy the Nine-Power Treaty, then the United States might just as well denounce it as of no further value. What the Japanese people do not realize is that their word and their sacred honor are at stake.

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Taxes Must Go Up

AFTER many months of silence on the question, the Administration has apparently at last been brought to admit the necessity for a rather drastic tax rise. Even Senator Smoot, who for months had been indicating his belief that any needed increase in revenues could be raised by a general sales tax, emerged from a conference with Secretary Mellon expressing the opinion that it will be necessary to impose a surtax of 40 per cent, or double the present maximum rate, on incomes above $100,000.

Up until the present the Administration has virtually shut its eyes to the whole tax problem. Last June, when, instead of the $123,000,000 surplus predicted in the preceding December by Secretary Mellon, we achieved a $903,000,000 deficit, nothing was said about raising taxes; the deficit was met simply by borrowing. But now, facing the prospect of a deficit next June in excess of $2,000,000,000, it is no longer possible for Mr. Hoover and Congress to ignore the situation, even with a Presidential election coming.

This does not necessarily mean that new taxes will have to be imposed sufficient to meet the prospective deficit completely. For more than a decade our government was paying off its debt at a very rapid rate. That debt reached its peak in April, 1919, when it stood at $26,600,000,000. By June 30, 1930, it had been reduced to $16,200,000,000. This meant reduction at an average rate of nearly $1,000,000,000 a year. Under such circumstances two or three years of deficits could not do any real harm to the national credit. There is even a certain positive defense to be made of a policy of paying off loans at an unusually high rate in good years, and offsetting this to some extent even by fresh borrowing in years of severe depression. But obviously there is a point beyond which this policy ceases to be valid. It is sound only on the assumption that the depression is not likely to last very long; and this assumption, in the present instance, is certainly not beyond question. Further, even if the assumption were correct, a deficit of $2,000,000,000 in any one year (an amount equal to three times the total national budget before the war) is not to be tolerated. Senator Smoot estimates that it will be necessary to raise $1,200,000,000 more annual revenue than our present tax laws under existing conditions are likely to bring in. Assuming that the deficit would not otherwise be more than $2,000,000,000, this would leave a deficit to be made up by borrowing of $800,000,000. Certainly this seems the maximum deficit that ought to be considered.

That there will be a very violent drop in tax revenues in 1932 is obvious. The great bulk of our federal revenue comes in almost equal amounts from corporation and individual income taxes. The Standard Statistics Company has calculated that the net income of 555 industrial corporations in 1930 amounted to $1,892,000,000, a decline of 44 per cent from the earnings of the same corporations in 1929, and it is clear from current railroad and industrial earnings statements that another drop of at least as great a percentage will be recorded for 1931 as compared with 1930. Individual income-tax revenues paid next year will be lower not only on account of lower incomes, but of the very heavy "capital losses" that have been recorded.

In these circumstances it is obvious that Congress must increase its corporation income-tax rate to some extent and increase very radically its individual income-tax rates, particularly in the higher brackets. It may be advisable to "broaden the base," also, to somewhere near that existing under the 1924 revenue act. But experience has shown that income-tax revenues do not increase in proportion to rates, and further revenues will still be necessary. The inheritance tax should of course be raised from its present level of 20 per cent, and a gift tax imposed to prevent evasion. Added revenues cannot come from an increase in tariff rates; on the contrary, customs revenues would probably be larger if tariff rates were reduced, for this would encourage a greater flow of imports and eventually produce greater income and corporation receipts by stimulating foreign trade and a general return to better conditions. A "general sales tax" of ½ of 1 per cent, favored by Senators Reed and Smoot, cannot be seriously considered; it is never justifiable to place a tax burden on the necessities of life. But taxes on luxuries and semi-luxuries are in a different category. Our tobacco tax in the first nine months of the present year yielded $332,000,000, a decline of only $10,000,000 from the revenues of the corresponding period last year. Congress may well consider a restoration of taxes on automobiles, and on theater and motion-picture admissions below the present minimum of $3, as well as taxes on jewelry, fur coats, and other "luxury" clothing, and on radio sets, cosmetics, perfumes, and similar items. A tax program of this nature will confront stubborn opposition from all the interests directly affected, but the new Congress will forfeit all public confidence if it does not meet the problem promptly and courageously.

An Inalienable Right

ONE of the strongest safeguards the American people have in defending themselves against encroachments upon their human liberties is the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus. Section 9 of the Constitution clearly states that this privilege "shall not be suspended, unless when in cases of rebellion or invasion the public safety may require it." Michigan and numerous other States have enacted laws providing that judges who withhold this privilege shall be penalized by the payment of damages to the person or persons aggrieved. Nevertheless, there are judges and public officials who apparently feel so superior to the laws of their States, not to mention the Constitution, that they do not hesitate to violate the privilege of habeas corpus by refusing to issue writs when called upon, or to honor such writs when issued. Judge Edward D. Black of Flint, Michigan, is now being sued for denying writs of habeas corpus to eighteen men who had been arrested in connection with a strike at the Fisher Body Corporation factory in Flint. In a New York case a prison warden has been fined and ordered to pay damages, while two members of the State Parole Board have likewise been ordered to pay damages for refusing to comply with a writ of habeas corpus regularly issued.

Nicholas V. Olds, a Detroit attorney, was retained by the International Labor Defense in July, 1930, to represent the eighteen men in the Flint case. When he reached Flint they had been in jail for four days or longer without having

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been brought before a court and charged with their offense. Olds petitioned Judge Black to issue writs of habeas corpus on behalf of his clients. The judge refused. Attorney Olds reminded him that the privilege was one of right and not of discretion. He added that even a man charged with robbery or murder is entitled to the writ of habeas corpus. Judge Black replied: "I do not consider them the equal of any other prisoners, and as far as I am concerned they may rot in jail." Finally the attorney called the judge's attention to the statutes which make a judge liable for damages whenever he refuses to issue such a writ. To this Judge Black simply said: "You may pursue your remedy." And that is what the eighteen men are now doing.

Suit was brought on behalf of the eighteen men by Patrick H. O'Brien, Walter M. Nelson, and Maurice Sugar, members of the legal staff of the American Civil Liberties Union, who volunteered their services as counsel. Judge Black was represented by counsel for the General Motors Corporation, parent of the Fisher Body Corporation. The suit was twice dismissed on technical grounds, but the second dismissal was appealed. However, the Genesee County Circuit Court upheld the lower courts, and thereupon the Civil Liberties Union carried the case to the Supreme Court of Michigan, where the issue now rests.

In the New York case Benny Sabatino, an inmate of Auburn Prison, sought and obtained a writ of habeas corpus upon learning—from reading law during his spare time—that he had been kept in prison twenty-two months beyond the date when he had become eligible for release for good behavior. Warden Jennings refused to heed the court decree and was fined $250 for contempt and ordered to pay Sabatino $1,250 damages. More recently Sabatino sued three members of the State Parole Board on the same grounds, and was awarded a judgment of $7,500 against two of them. In New York the privilege of the writ is upheld as a right. What will happen to it in Michigan?

Science and the Press

SCIENCE, as everybody knows, now makes the headlines; and that is all to the good. And science, as though aware of its reciprocal obligation, now supplies the daily press with sensations almost as regularly as does the police court itself. It is a very poor meeting of any scientific body which cannot produce at least one new dimension and a couple of original theories concerning either the origin or the end of the cosmos. Your present-day scientist prefers the larger view, and he is only too anxious to set a colleague right concerning what really did happen some few billions of years ago when the nebula in Orion was still an infant, or to correct the conclusions of another eminent rival concerning the theological implications of the latest evidence *in re* free will among the atoms.

Even as such meetings go, the recent session of the National Academy of Sciences which was held at New Haven must have been particularly rich, for it furnished the New York *Times* with a column and a half of hocus-pocus concerning things which may be very important but which even a highly trained scientist might find very difficult to understand in the half-popular, half-technical, and wholly fragmentary account which the *Times* gives. When we are told that Professor Henry W. Nissen, of the laboratory of psychobiology of Yale, reports that "much of the chimpanzee's time is spent in sound production," that will do—though it is, to be sure, not clear just what Professor Nissen's discovery adds to an observation which all visitors to a zoo have made for themselves—namely, that monkeys are very noisy creatures. But when, on the other hand, we read under the special head "Kasner Coins Word for Finding" how Professor Kasner of Columbia proposes the term "rac" to denominate a "new kind of curvature" which he has introduced into "semi-Euclidian geometry," it is doubtful what that statement could mean to anybody. A mathematician would doubtless want to know more, while the average reader could certainly get along just as well with nothing at all.

But the *pièce de résistance* of the session was, as has now become usual, a new theory of the cosmos, presented this time by Dr. Richard C. Tolman of the California Institute of Technology, who offers a conception which is said not only to "link relativity and the quantum principle," but also, and in general, to furnish a "background" for Einstein. Professor Tolman is anxious to save the universe from that "running down" which Eddington and Jeans predict upon the basis of the second law of thermodynamics. But Professor Tolman, unlike his equally optimistic colleague, Professor Millikan, has thought of something better than the latter's mysterious "cosmic ray," and by some ingenious mathematical method of demonstrating that we can eat our cake and have it too, he has described "mathematical models of a universe which contracts and expands in cycles, without ever running down to an ultimate standstill," and "by developing principles of thermodynamics to a general relativity theory of Einstein" has asserted that "it is possible to conceive models of the universe in which energy does not flow continually downwards, but contracts and expands in cycles of millions of years without reaching a state where further change would be impossible." "In fact, by applying relativity to thermodynamics," he said, "we can no longer speak of energy in terms of up and down or of intensities," and while we are not sure just what this means, we see no reason why a universe which Einstein has deprived of a past and a present should not get along very well without an up and a down also.

For all we know, scientists may be as grave and as cautious as they ever were, but we are, on the other hand, quite sure of the fact that they do neither science nor themselves any good by permitting and even encouraging the newspapers to report far-reaching speculations which, by running foul of one another, discredit science itself in the popular mind. Nor are we by any means sure that the newspapers have much to gain by thus playing up the incomprehensible in stories which their readers cannot understand.

There is, to be sure, the story of a worried old lady who rose after a lecture by a famous astronomer and demanded just how much longer he had given the sun to blaze away. "Ninety million years," was the reply; and as the old lady sat down she was heard to remark with a sigh of relief, "Thank God! I thought you said *nine* million." But that is a legend. There are in reality few persons who care whether the universe is expanding or contracting so long as they are sure that it will not do either to any serious degree during the next nine, or the next ninety, millions of years.

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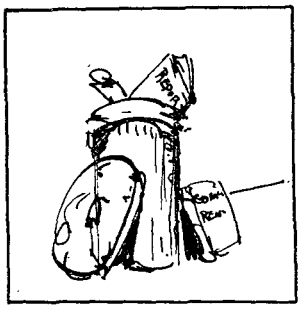
Speaking of Revolution . . .

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON



IT is not quite fair to compare the two, for Seabury is ten times as intelligent as Necker and at least a hundred times as courageous. But we need the old Director General of the Finances of the Kingdom of France for today's private performance. So we open the puppet chest and take out wrinkle-faced little Jacques and brush off his clothes and powder his wig and his nose, and, presto, there he is. Now the curtain can rise.

Necker was a Pomeranian who had moved to Geneva. In terms of the year 1931 he was someone who had changed his residence from Bridgeport to Philadelphia. He had no sense of humor, which meant that he had no sense of proportion. He was pompous and he had a wife with social ambitions, a Swiss wife with social ambitions, if you please. But he was possessed of certain virtues which few people held in high esteem in the year 1776. He knew how to work. He had learned the banking business inside out and outside in, and he could do sums faster than any man alive.

He could take a row of figures and read them and interpret them as quickly and as efficiently as Brother Seabury can read and explain the balance sheet of a local tin statesman with a tin box. As a result M. de Necker was just about as popular as a slightly wilted cauliflower in a grocery store. At first he was merely encouraged to resign. When he continued to submit budgets that were something more than mere exercises in literary mendacity he was kicked out. But Necker never reached that point of distinction at which he was deemed worthy of public assassination. And there is where Seabury, who resembles him in a great many respects, scores and scores heavily.

The Hotel Men of America had an exhibition in New York last week of such things as interest Hotel Men. They also had a dinner. And at that dinner there were speeches. Heaven knows there was enough to talk about. Had not that very day witnessed an investigation into the ultimate fate of those hard-earned dollars which the community at large had scraped together to keep the unemployed from getting pellagra a little faster than they are getting it now? And had it not been shown beyond the shadow of a doubt that ladies and gentlemen of leisure with two or three cars, and smart-alecky boys with a lazy desire for pocket-money had been paid the cash that should have been saved for the shivering poor devils of our public parks? And had anybody been interested or had anybody cared? Not in the least. It was just one of those funny things that fellow Seabury was forever digging up. Why didn't he leave well enough alone? Of course it was not as it should be. Officials should be honest. Officials should not be crooks. But after all, things are as they are, and always have been, and not as they should be. Nevertheless, giving the money for the unemployed to people who did not need it was going just a little too far. It was almost like paying college athletes money outright. That is not done. You leave it on the mantelpiece—that is, if you are a gentleman. Well, the Hotel Men had a dinner and speeches and their chairman arose and said: "This Seabury investigation is doing our city serious harm. That man Seabury should be thrown into the Hudson River before the river freezes over. He should be done away with, for he is hurting trade." My own private guess is that the speaker, on rising, was rendered over-enthusiastic, possibly by too good a dinner. But even persons who, for one reason or another, are over-enthusiastic are expected to refrain from inciting to murder. Of course, the speech may have been incorrectly reported. But all the papers carried nearly the same version. There was no editorial comment. The incident passed unnoticed. And it was not very important either. Except as a little straw.

There is a book full of such little straws. It is the "Life of Necker," which was written by his daughter, Madame de Staël. Necker did not belong to the school of great political surgeons of which Dr. Seabury is so eminent a representative. He preferred a goose quill to a scalpel. But as soon as that goose quill started scribbling, Versailles gave evidences of great uneasiness, asked whoever would listen what good all this poking around did and where the country would end if upstart bankers from little provincial Swiss cities were allowed to question the Queen's privy purse, shook its head, and said: "All this will lead to disaster; ça ne peut pas continuer comme ça." Right again, it did not "dure comme ça." But when Mr. Capet rumbled down to his final visit in the Place de la Concorde, he may well have thought of that sublimated bookkeeper who had bored him with a vellum-printed presentation copy of his "Comte Rendu." The ex-member of the house of Thellusson and Necker was cultivating his cabbages in Coppet but Louis was going to have his head cut off.

Perhaps I am a little too dramatic. A nation brought up in the fear of God, the Constitution, and headwaiters will never dance a Carmagnole around a Tree of Liberty erected in front of the Union League Club. In the first place, the Constitution does not mention Trees of Liberty. In the second place, headwaiters would not think it quite the thing to do, and in the third place, God now being at the front with the Japanese and Chinese armies, He cannot be consulted, and without His sanction it would be hardly wise to take so deliberate a step. No, I see no guillotines ahead, but I should just love to have someone get excited over this matter. Somewhere in this vast city there must be a few people who feel rather deeply about these incredible scandals which Seabury brings to the surface every day. I do not know where they live, but neither did Louis know much about his critics when he dismissed Necker and exiled him from the realm of France. But a few days later there were enough protesters against Louis to pull the Bastille down and destroy it with their bare hands.

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The Federal Farm-Relief Scandal*

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Washington, November 19

CANDIDATE Herbert Hoover hastened to assure the farmers in the campaign of 1928 that a Republican victory would bring them genuine legislative relief. The special session of Congress which he called early in 1929 hastened to redeem this promise by rushing through a farm-relief measure known as the Agricultural Marketing Act. But today it is not Mr. Hoover or Congress, but the farmer, who is repenting in leisure. The 1929 law was ideal in intent and acceptable in theory, but in practice it has proved quite otherwise. Indeed, the administration of that law seems likely to furnish us with another first-rate government scandal. Part of the story has already been told in newspaper dispatches from Washington, and a good deal more of it has been set forth by J. W. Brinton in his recent book "Wheat and Politics"—which is packed so full of dynamite that usually courageous correspondents here speak of it only in hushed whispers. But the most damaging facts are to be found in the archives of the Federal Farm Board and its related agencies, in the correspondence files of a few Senators and Representatives, and—by far the most significant—in the possession of certain grain and cotton brokers who are bitter enemies of the cooperative-marketing movement and of the Farm Board which was erected for the purpose of encouraging that movement.

That there will be an investigation of the Farm Board is certain. A start in that direction will probably be made by the Senate Agriculture Committee just before Congress convenes. Such an inquiry, if honestly and competently conducted, would show, first, not only that the Agricultural Marketing Act, under which the Farm Board was created, has been maladministered, but that the Farm Board through its chief counsel served notice at the beginning of its operations that it would not consider itself bound by the provisions of the 1929 law. Second, that far from encouraging the cooperative-marketing movement as required by the Agricultural Marketing Act, the Farm Board has impeded that movement, and with regard to certain commodities has deliberately sabotaged it by delivering it into the hands of one or two small groups of professional promoters. Third, that the Farm Board has allowed the $500,000,000 revolving fund placed at its disposal by Congress to be used as a club to beat the grain, livestock, cotton, and other producers into submitting to the dictation of these promoters. Fourth, that the Farm Board has ignored if not openly violated the anti-trust laws, the Capper-Volstead Act, and the Agricultural Marketing Act. Fifth, that before turning the cooperative grain-marketing movement over to the promoters the Farm Board attempted to turn it over to the private grain trade, whose interests are, to say the least, directly opposed to those of the farm cooperatives. Sixth, that government funds have been used by these promoters, not alone for the purpose of gambling in grain and cotton, but also to enable them to create capital for themselves as private agents, to conduct business transactions not directly provided for in the Agricultural Marketing Act, and to secure their personal control of the cooperative-marketing machinery. Seventh, that political considerations have governed many of the appointments to the organizations connected with the administration of the 1929 law.

Documentary evidence supporting these charges is pouring into Washington in growing measure. Of course, officials connected with the Farm Board emphatically deny all the allegations (though Chairman James C. Stone admitted to me that one of the board's agencies had of necessity gambled in cotton). It is likewise true that a majority of the charges apply to early actions of the board, and that since then the personnel of the board has been changed in several important respects. But the officials refuse to divulge detailed information concerning loans and the amount or volume of commodities bought and sold by the board. They expect to give this information to Congress, should it ever be called for, but such information would be of little help unless minutely itemized. More significant is their refusal to accept responsibility for the actions of organizations such as the Farmers National Grain Corporation, which they assert are private agencies, but which in fact if not in law are subsidiaries of the Farm Board.

At the first meeting of the board, held at the White House on July 15, 1930, President Hoover rather candidly said: "I have no extended statement to make to the board as to its duties. The wide authority and the splendid resources placed at your disposal are well known." The quite remarkable breadth of this authority was subsequently defined by George E. Farrand, first chief counsel of the board, who on November 21, 1929, declared that the Agricultural Marketing Act

> . . . should be construed in the light of conditions which gave it birth, and [I] urged the adoption of a liberal as distinguished from a legalistic interpretation of the act. I told them if we stopped to hang upon words as distinguished from getting the spirit of the act, that the board would in the beginning greatly curtail its efficiency for constructive, progressive action.

In the same statement he said that "with the broad policy declared and powers conferred *the board can find a way to act and do 'most anything* which its considered judgment believes will bring about the desired objective of farm relief." With this sage advice in hand the board proceeded "to find a way to act and do 'most anything."

It was the stated intention of the framers of the Agricultural Marketing Act to use the Farm Board machinery as a means of "encouraging the organization of producers into effective associations or corporations *under their own control* for greater unity of effort in marketing," and of promoting "the establishment and financing of a farm-marketing system of *producer-owned and producer-controlled* cooperative associations and other agencies." How did the board go about the task of encouraging the producers to organize? For the purpose of organizing the livestock producers it called a meeting in Chicago on October 23, 1929. It invited to this

* This article will be continued in our next issue.—EDITOR THE NATION.

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meeting sixty-six representatives of livestock-marketing groups. One of the first tasks of the conference was to appoint a committee to examine the credentials of the delegates in attendance. Some members of the committee questioned the cooperative status of certain of the invited delegates, but upon the suggestion of a spokesman for the Farm Board they agreed not to report adversely anyone to whom the board had sent an invitation. Three of the delegates were not on the board's approved list. Two of these were asked to withdraw, but a determined fight was made from the floor to seat the third, who was the secretary of the Iowa Cooperative Livestock Shippers. He was qualified in every way according to the Farm Board's own rules, and also within the meaning of the Agricultural Marketing Act, but a majority of the invited delegates finally voted to bar him from the conference. When the meeting was ready for business the livestock member of the board, C. B. Denman, said to the delegates:

> We are taking those who have placed themselves in a position to go forward in a national program of cooperative marketing, *one with which this Farm Board can cooperate*. . . . Now we will let the verdict rest with you [whom we have chosen] as to whether we are proceeding in the right way of taking those that have the organized power and money to go forward in this way.

A committee of nine members was named to prepare articles of incorporation and the by-laws for this organization, which was to be known as the National Livestock Marketing Association. On February 25, 1930, the invited delegates reassembled in Chicago. But three weeks previously the Farm Board had informed them that "while not rejecting the work of the committee of nine, we are not accepting their plan as the one which we can approve." When the second meeting was convened the Farm Board presented an organization plan of its own. The committee's report was not even allowed to reach the floor for discussion. After considerable debate the Farm Board's scheme was adopted by a vote of 38 to 23. (Each delegate, no matter what cooperative organization he represented, if any, and no matter how many other delegates represented the same organization, was permitted to cast a vote.) It was first decided that before becoming effective the plan should be ratified by agencies handling two-thirds of the livestock then being cooperatively marketed. But a number of cooperative agencies, which represented at least 65 per cent of the livestock cooperatively handled in 1929, refused to approve the board's plan. Their proposed amendments were rejected, however, and the Farm Board voted to go on with the organization of a central livestock agency without the rebels. On May 7, 1930, the minority group, under the auspices of the Farm Board, incorporated the National Livestock Marketing Association and two subsidiary agencies. All livestock loans from the $500,000,000 revolving fund have gone to this minority group. The majority, after forming a central marketing agency of its own along cooperative lines in full compliance with the terms of the Agricultural Marketing Act, filed a formal request for a loan, but its request was denied with the explanation that the Farm Board had recognized one national livestock marketing agency and would extend its aid to livestock producers through that channel only.

A somewhat similar procedure was followed in the case of the wheat-growers. Brinton tells the better part of this story in "Wheat and Politics," a story that is heavily documented (I have checked up most of the documents and found them accurate) and one that thus far has not been successfully challenged by any of the several officials and promoters it implicates. According to Brinton, he himself proposed to former Governor McKelvie of Nebraska

> . . . that each grain cooperative elevator be called upon to select a delegate—a producer of wheat from among their members—and that such delegates be called into State conventions in the various wheat-growing States, to decide upon a program and to develop a regional grain-marketing cooperative in which the local elevators would be stockholders, and at such State meetings that the Farm Board call upon these conventions to select a delegate or delegates to meet in national convention and set up a national cooperative grain-marketing system under the Agricultural Marketing Act.

Brinton continues:

> Although this proposal or suggestion seemed to be looked on with favor, it was entirely ignored or discarded when the Farmers National Grain Corporation was organized; instead, the local cooperative grain institutions—approximately 4,000 in number—some of whom had been operating for from twenty to forty years, were ignored, and a general call was sent out for cooperative leaders to meet in Chicago. There assembled a group of men, some representing farmers' welfare organizations, and others representing no one but themselves.

Organization of the Farmers National—the central "cooperative" sales agency for the wheat-growers—was undertaken by Samuel McKelvie, wheat member of the Farm Board. His plan was accepted by the hand-picked delegates at the Chicago meeting, and thus it came about that control of this sales agency, and responsibility for the encouragement of cooperation among the wheat-growers, was handed over to a group of professional promoters.

The Reverend C. E. Huff was a few years ago a Campbellite preacher in Oronoque, Kansas. However, he devoted much of his time to organizing community business enterprises, selling stock in these companies to his fellow-townsmen. Among his ventures were included the Oronoque Business Association, a general store, and a farmers' bank. The business association operated a small grain elevator of 5,000 bushels' capacity. Most of these promotion schemes proved failures, but on the strength of this very limited experience in business—and particularly in the grain-marketing business—it was arranged by the Farm Board that Huff should become a director of the Farmers National Grain Corporation. He was promptly elected president of that organization, which is the sole financial agency of the Farm Board in the handling of loans to the wheat cooperatives—loans totaling scores of millions of dollars. Huff is allowed (with the consent of the board of directors) to fix his own salary, which, of course, is paid out of the proceeds of the sale of the farmers' wheat. What his salary is no one seems to know. I have it upon the authority of a former official of the Department of Agriculture that Huff is paying himself $35,000 a year out of the Farmers National revenues. Chairman Stone "thought" that Huff's salary did not exceed $15,000, but he admitted that the directors had recently increased all salaries—and this in the face of the continued

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slump in grain! Huff, however, is only one of the several promoters who dominate Farmers National. Associated with him are, among others, John Manley, first vice-president, and M. W. Thatcher, a director. Together these three control the policies and affairs of the organization. Manley was for years a professional promoter operating among the wheat farmers of the Southwest, while Thatcher's fame rests upon his work as auditor for a number of cooperative enterprises in the Dakotas, Minnesota, and elsewhere, the failure of at least one of which has led to criminal proceedings. Anyone curious to learn just what sort of people the Farm Board trusts with its funds will find the records of several of the Farmers National officials very illuminating reading.

But Brinton's book omits for some unexplained reason a very significant aspect of the organization of the Farmers National. The Agricultural Marketing Act grew out of a determination to help the farmers erect their own machinery for the marketing of their products. They were to be freed from the private grain trade, from the much-maligned gamblers of the Chicago and Winnipeg exchanges. For years the Chicago Board of Trade and its members had been denounced as the enemies of the farmers. Yet when it came time to find a manager for the Farmers National and the Grain Stabilization Corporation, the then chairman of the Farm Board, Alexander Legge, coolly and complacently offered the job to James H. Murray, president of the Chicago Board of Trade and vice-president of the Quaker Oats Company! Murray was appealed to not only on the ground that it would be good business for him to take the post, but on the ground of patriotism. When he refused the rather questionable honor, Legge turned to other high-placed men in the private grain trade, and they too declined the "appointment." Finally Legge had to accept a little-known miller from Alton, Illinois, George S. Milnor, a man who was not himself a producer, and one whose main business in life had been to buy grain from the farmer as cheaply as possible. And for the privilege of directing the efforts of the government to make the grain producer cooperation-conscious Milnor is now being paid the munificent wage of $50,000 annually, of which $14,000 comes from the Farmers National and $36,000 from the Grain Stabilization Corporation. (It may be noted here that the members of the Farm Board themselves receive only $12,000 a year.)

In this impartial manner has the Farm Board "encouraged" producers to organize cooperative-marketing associations "under their own control." Except in the case of dairy products and one or two minor commodities, the encouragement has consisted of forcing upon the producers, or upon as many of them as will be coerced, a predetermined pattern of cooperation in the making of which the farmers have had no voice whatever. What has been true of wheat and livestock has also been true of cotton and other commodities. (The manager of the Farm Board's central cotton cooperative, for example, is guaranteed a minimum salary of $25,000 a year, but one that may run up to a maximum of $75,000. This man, like the grain manager, was picked for the job by the board and not by the producers.) Truly the Farm Board has not hesitated to exercise that "wide authority" of which Mr. Hoover spoke, but what it has done —or rather what its subsidiaries have done—with "the splendid resources placed at your disposal" will probably require a Congressional investigation to determine.

Mellonism Takes the Count

By GEORGE S. BAILEY

ALLEGHENY COUNTY, which includes in its boundaries the city of Pittsburgh and its great industrial environs, has repudiated the corrupt Republican machine which has ruled it for decades, and has voted independent! This simple truth, emerging from the most violent primary and one of the most hotly contested general elections in recent years, still has Pittsburghers speculating on their political future.

The defeat of the county machine, with its intrenched strength and large war chests, its 40,000 phantom voters, its crooked election boards and devoted pay-rollers, its control over the election bureau, and its power of intimidation through rackets and municipal police in the controlled districts, was accomplished only by what amounts to a general upheaval, in which the electorate went to the polls in greater numbers than ever and registered a convincing protest vote against the kind of government they have had in past years.

Their action spells ruination for the well-oiled county machine. It means a decline in the Mellon influence in county politics and an extension of the power of Governor Pinchot to one of the very citadels of machine Republicanism. The fact that New Jersey and Kentucky went back into the Democratic column the same day meant relatively little to Pittsburgh independents. Their own about-face, they argued, meant more. It showed how the wind is blowing, even in the fortresses of the mighty.

Charles C. McGovern, Republican, Pinchot's outpost in the western end of the State, will be the new chairman of the Board of County Commissioners, a post to which he has aspired since, as county controller, he revealed a vast number of scandalous irregularities in the county finances. Supporting him will be former State Senator C. M. Barr, who ran as an independent and whose record bears out his opposition and promises. The third, and probably the minority, member will be State Senator William D. Mansfield, Republican, sponsored by E. R. Crawford, head of the McKeesport Sheet and Tin Plate Company, who captured a primary nomination by saying nothing and who led the ticket in the general election with the united support of the city and county machines.

The last desperate stand of the machine politicians was in the general election, when for the second time in as many years the faithful old Democratic Party was hauled out of its obscurity, dusted off, and made to provide a candidate for the "regular Republicans." The first instance was when John M. Hemphill was supported against Pinchot by the Republican machine. This time, David L. Lawrence, county Democratic chairman, who aided materially in the fight

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against Pinchot, was picked by the machine to bear its standard.

Lawrence failed to nose out Barr for the all-important third place, just as Hemphill failed to beat Pinchot, but. as in the gubernatorial fight, the election was so close as to reveal the immense power of the machine and the immense absurdity of the frequently voiced pleas to "support the party candidates."

The average voter, that patient fellow who usually stays away from the polls or votes for the machine in order to help out a friend or neighbor who has a political job, was the main factor in the overthrow of the machine. He turned out in unprecedented numbers. In the boroughs, townships, and city wards he formed committees, organized independent Republican local candidacies, or ran on the "Square Deal" ticket. He fought the machine with words and in some cases with fists. He rang doorbells nightly to talk about high taxes and scare up votes. He was a laborer, a skilled workman, a small business man, a clerk, an accountant, a salesman, an engineer, a lawyer, a broker, or a small manufacturer, according to where he lived. In the quiet residential suburbs his work was easy. In the industrial sections it meant fighting with any weapons at hand, and it meant danger too.

Against him was the full force of the county or city machine. The county pay roll has 2,200 experienced vote-raisers, many of them highbinders of the lowest degree. The Pittsburgh police are liberally used to crack the whip over whom they can in order to raise votes. The police of smaller municipalities, the racketeers, and the pay-rollers do not hesitate in the controlled sections to use violence against political opponents. The county registration lists were padded and so were the city's.

Joseph G. Armstrong, chairman of the Board of County Commissioners and of the Republican County Committee, had control of the pay roll and election bureau, a war chest of more than $100,000, and the prestige of being the Mellons' political representative in the county. State Senator James J. Coyne had the full force of the powerful city machine and rackets and some of the State patronage. Mansfield had $100,000 to spend. McGovern had comparatively little in his war chest. There were no racket concessions to be hoped for from him, and he proposed to economize in the county government and eliminate surplus jobs maintained as political favors. He had, however, the full backing of Pinchot and the State patronage in Allegheny County.

The usually placid individuals who make up the electorate had the best reasons in the world for jousting with the intrenched machine. All have felt the depression—in time, wage, and salary cuts, in the vastly depreciated value of all forms of property. The small householder, hardest hit of all, made up the bulk of the independent strength.

Many industries had been running only two and three days a week. There were thousands of unemployed among the voters. Factory and office pay rolls have been cut and slashed. Profits of small businesses are slim or non-existent. Between the primary and the general election the Bank of Pittsburgh crash started a sustained run, which in a few weeks took more than a score of banks out of business, including three downtown national banks. With the coal industry flat on its back, steel running half time or less, some railroad offices letting out all clerks of less than twenty years' service, and many laborers and skilled workmen subsisting on a few days' work a week, a fertile field for independence was created. The householders, wondering how they were to meet interest payments and hold the family together, began thinking seriously about taxes.

McGovern, who as minority commissioner in the last four years had consistently and often violently complained against the manner in which huge sums of public money had been spent, with favored bidders and political jobs taking a large toll of the funds, attracted to his banner thousands of men and women of all ages, with no previous political experience, who were willing to work for an independent movement they felt would give them relief. Spontaneously, small local movements started and developed contacts with the McGovern camp.

With the united backing of Pittsburgh's three newspapers, a thing which never happened in the days when newspapers were locally owned, and with a split between the city and county machines, the independents rolled up sufficient votes to gain a Republican nomination for McGovern. This fact, together with the scores of prosecutions and indictments that followed the fraudulent and violent primary, broke the morale of the county machine.

The Kline-Coyne city machine, with Coyne looming as the new city power, however, made an attempt to save the day in the general election. Mansfield and Lawrence were given the full backing of the city machine, of the now fearful county pay roll, and of the controlled districts, plus the quiet support of the public utilities. McGovern linked his candidacy with Barr's. Lawrence came within 8,000 of beating the independent, but the official vote, now being counted, follows closely the unofficial and makes an appreciable gain for the Democrat impossible. In both elections, exacting vigilance by thousands of supporters was necessary to preserve the majorities of the anti-machine candidates.

The county has now to witness the official break-up of the rotten county administration. Some of the county heads are under indictment, one suddenly resigned and started for California, and a few of the pay-rollers have made overtures to the independents—of course in vain. W. L. Mellon, former State Republican chairman and chairman of the powerful Gulf Oil corporation and other interests of his family, is reported to be retiring from the political scene, owing to pressure of business and the advice of his uncle, Secretary of the Treasury A. W. Mellon.

The drive is now starting to turn the city away from its own machine in 1932. Mayor Charles H. Kline, originally selected in 1924 by W. L. Mellon as a "harmony" candidate to tie up warring political factions, has incurred the displeasure of the Mellons. His indictment for malfeasance in office followed a probe into one of the city departments, conducted partly at the instigation of a "Citizens' Committee" of prominent industrialists, which suddenly appeared in the Duquesne Club, appointed by and apparently responsible to no one. Coyne, whose power is counted on heavily by the machine, has maintained friendly relations with the Mayor, the Mellons, and Pinchot, an admittedly difficult feat. A new police-department shake-up heralds how the city machine will fight and the independents are already making speeches in the churches.

The political pot is boiling and politics has assumed a new significance for the Pittsburgher.

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If I Were Dictator*

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

MY first experience in politics was as a boy of eighteen riding beside the driver on the high seat of my country town's one public hack, rounding up voters on election day forty-five years ago. Since then I have been, at various times, my party's precinct committeeman, county committeeman, member of the State Central Committee, member of the National Committee—all offices without emolument but carrying a certain amount of power. Yet for a generation I secretly cherished one political ambition: to be benevolent despot of some political unit—a city, or county, or State. But, alas, as I grew out of my fifties I made a disillusioning discovery. Despots are never benevolent. Power breeds arrogance; arrogance corrupts the understanding heart. The more power a man has, the bigger fool he is, whether power is generated in politics or with money or with fame. So I know now that if I could be dictator of this land my failure would be measured by the extent of my power.

Therefore, if suddenly, after a rubbing of the magic ring, a company of nimble genii should rise and offer me a kingdom of the earth, first of all I should say to the lads from the magic power-house as I picked up the scepter of my dictatorship:

"Most esteemed and worshipful slaves of the ring, accept my salaams and let the political government of this land go hang. It so happens that as those things go, Washington isn't half bad. It never has been half bad, and never will be. It represents about the intelligence, the courage, and the honesty of the folks. The people get what they deserve in the way of government."

Then, continuing my deceptive attitude of humility, I should roll my eyes and plead:

"Give me, the most unworthy of men, no clanking hardware of rank and power, no sidearms, no gold braid, no ribbons, no rooster feathers. Just let me have for a while authority over the invisible government. Give me secret power to control and coerce those salaried ladies and gentlemen employed by the various organizations of America—the Bankers' Association, the Federation of Labor, the League of Women Voters, the Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, the bar associations, the Navy League, the medical societies, the Farm Bureau, the Grange, the publishers' various organizations, the Associated Press and its rivals, the various affiliations of churches, Protestant and Catholic, the bootleggers' alliances, the scientific societies, the organized college presidents, the National Chamber of Commerce, the American Legion, all those happy little soviets in American life that form public opinion and hold Congress in leash—those subterranean forces that make executives dance on their various hot grids."

Then, after the palavering amenities, I should get down to business. For with power over those who dominate these societies, associations, organizations, and amalgamated groups, I could snap my fingers at the vote-greedy statesmen of the responsible governments of the land—all of them, in cities, States, and in Washington. Quickly, however, I should call a small conference of politicians, not because politicians are particularly wise, but because they have the precious power of getting along with people, doing team work, making programs, getting the day's work done. I should probably put in charge as my lieutenant commander none other than Alfred Emanuel Smith, or failing to get him, Calvin Coolidge—politicians and men of their type and kind. I should say, having them all pleasantly lined up in my cabinet room:

"Now, ladies and gents, I have one job for you, one desire in my heart, and you can do what I require. I give you two decades to do the work I shall cut out for you. Here is the little, not impossible miracle I demand. To wit: Produce a social and economic status in this land which shall guarantee to men and women who are employed the same status for their lives that a dollar has when it is well invested in a bond or mortgage. Remove the fear motive from industry so that a man who works for others may know reasonably well that he is secure in his job or his wages. And don't forget this incidental detail—his wages must be sufficient to guarantee him a certain minimum standard of living. For your further instructions let me add that when I say a decent standard of living I mean a standard upon which he can live in a decent house, enjoying the mechanical comforts and luxuries of this modern civilization, eating clean, wholesome food, wearing decent and beautiful clothes, educating his children until they are at least twenty-one. The workers must be insured against the financial evils that come with sickness, accident, and old age. Moreover—here is something most important—with all this common heritage the worker must still have the priceless boon of liberty. I do not mean the right to desert his wife and children, to drive his car at his own speed, to sell dirty milk or watered stock. I am not talking of those questionable individual rights which absolve a man from his duties under organized government based upon majority opinion definitely expressed. What I am driving at, as your fellow-dictator or fellow-tyrant, is the freedom to rise as high as any citizen will, by reason of any exceptional qualities he may have, so long as he remains honest and does not, through his own rise, cramp or curtail the freedom and well-being of his fellows. In other words, ladies and gents, let's define liberty as a man's royal American right to go as far as he will honestly above the mass, if in rising he contributes something valuable to society."

It would hardly be my job to say how this should be done, but a man who came up from the lower rounds of politics honestly and successfully would know how to begin if he had before him as tools the implements that make for public sentiment and the force and energy and protection of the organized groups in American business and social life above listed. Having given my lieutenants their orders I should let them alone and not nag them, assuming their honesty, their intelligence, their courage, in short, their patriotism. If one failed me I should chop off his head and perhaps put it on a pike and let it drip all over the first page of the

* The third of a series of articles on this subject. The fourth will appear in our next issue.—EDITOR THE NATION.

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newspapers for a week, to terrify others. What I should do with my own time is this: I should organize a secret police, my G. P. U., under some such general title as the Society for the Seduction of the Supercilious. I should call into this council only men who could laugh—and laugh not maliciously but tolerantly. Perhaps I should make Heywood Broun, or Frank Adams, or Will Rogers, or Marc Connelly my Chief of Staff. And I should say to this noble band of jesters:

"Boys, the besetting sin of our beloved country is vain and carnal pride. We're a lot of strutters, and the more money we get the worse we are; indeed, in reality the richer we seem the poorer we are. What we need is humility. America will only grow strong and wax fat in truth with the strength of the humble. Therefore it is your job to go into every rich State, city, town, and village, diligently spy out there the supercilious leadership, and seduce it. Boys, humble its pride, not by taking away its power, but by letting these self-sufficient sinners know their own weaknesses and realize that 'we are all poor critters and that everything goes contrary-wise.' Catch the town banker tapping his till for pennies not dollars. Slip Russian gold into the purses of the D. A. R. Effect an exchange of pulpits between the bishops of the true faith and the Methodist Church South. Set an Episcopalian bishop over the United Brethren, and a United Brethren bishop in Bishop Manning's place; even stand up Billy Sunday in a Unitarian pulpit in Boston. If you could give a lover to some of our leading ladies of one of the various anti leagues it would help a lot. And flash the white light of self-revelation upon certain pillars of purity across the land. Don't understand that I wish to topple men down in public disgrace and humiliation, not at all. That isn't your job. What we are trying to do is to teach tolerance to the haughty through a healing knowledge of their own weaknesses. But hold on now, get this straight whatever you do. Don't make them cynics, boys; make them penitents. Don't disillusion them into thinking that all men are bad because they are suddenly taken in sin. But do let them know, dearly beloved, that man can be noble even though he fails and falls and fails again. Put comic strips upon the whitened walls of the charnel-house of our institutional life. The boys across the hall who are saving democracy by cherishing economic liberty have a big job and you can help it, most gay and irreverent seigniors, by mellowing the times. So hop to it with a will."

Sooner or later one of those political adjutants from the uplift across the hall—maybe Al Smith or Gifford Pinchot or, say, Carter Glass—is going to come out and point a finger of scorn at me and say: "What about prohibition?" And I'm going to be ready for him with this answer:

"For one hundred years and more, maybe a thousand, there will be a liquor problem in America. The conflict between the individual's liberty to drink what he pleases and society's dictum that the individual's drinking shall not depress the general welfare may not be settled in a decade or even a generation. Abolish prohibition and the problem is still here. Modify prohibition and the problem remains. Alcohol is a habit-forming drug. It must be distributed so that the salesmen will not find it profitable to oversell the customer and thereby increase the liquor habit, which menaces a highly organized social structure. It is not the content of liquor, whether 2 per cent or 98 per cent, that makes the problem. It is the distribution of liquor so that it shall not create liquor addicts which makes the problem.

"Now then, gentlemen, here is a great opportunity for liberals. Under the prohibitory amendment and the Volstead Act we find a restless, determined, fairly well-organized minority which thinks it's a majority of the people. This minority is chafing under what it regards as an unjust restraint. Some way should be found to give a considerable minority which thinks it is a majority the right to prove its case, to present its case formally and legally, and demand a count of noses. The need of this right, which is now demonstrated by the prohibitory law, may come up in the future. Some day the lack of this right affecting a more vital issue than prohibition might shatter the Republic. Prohibition offers to liberals their great opportunity. Let them organize for a constitutional amendment which will make it possible at any time for any considerable restless minority which thinks itself unjustly restrained to call under the Constitution for a vote. Therefore, gentlemen of the council, as your dictator I hereby demand that you present to the American people a constitutional amendment which shall provide that when half of the States, through a majority of each house in their legislatures with the governor concurring, shall demand a national referendum upon any given subject, whether of statute or a constitutional enactment, then the Congress shall submit the proposition to a direct vote of the people of the States. Or when two-fifths of the legislatures in States having a two-thirds' majority of all the population of the United States shall submit such a proposition by a two-thirds' majority of each house of each legislature with the governor concurring, a similar nation-wide popular vote may be had. And, further, the proposed amendment I have in mind shall prevail when it has been adopted by a majority vote in two-thirds of the States or when it has been adopted by a two-thirds' majority vote in eighteen States, provided the eighteen States shall contain two-thirds of the population of the United States; and that this majority shall be a majority of all votes cast upon the proposed question; and, further, it shall be provided that in this popular vote majorities shall always be defined as majorities voting upon the proposition.

"Here prohibition has coined the golden hour for a real reform. If the wets are too conservative to accept it they need not palaver about their high patriotism. If they are unwilling to grant to any minority that feels oppressed by government the same right which the wets today demand for themselves, all this tall talk about their rights may be safely ignored. If the Constitution of the United States were liberalized by such an amendment as has been outlined above, no minority, no section, no class could ever rule this country against the wishes and the will of a majority of the people."

And at the close of the perfect day as dictator, I should go back to my G. P. U., my secret police, the men and women who could laugh, and say this:

"Finally, dearly beloved, hunt down the gloom spreaders—those sad, solemn, disillusioned, baffled, doubting ladies and gents who have no faith in God or man, who believe that this is a mechanical self-winding universe, a machine that has lost its key or never had one. I mean that vinegar bunch which is all mixed up and low in its mind, sure only that its own raging melancholy is the wrath of God. Teach that outfit, O my most giggliferous pest-eradicators, that it really makes little difference about these sad theories. This gloomy

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philosophy gets men nowhere. The gloom-peddlers can't prove that nothing matters because matter is a phantasm; any more than the cheerful idiots can prove the moral government of the universe. But this much is finally certain: the job of a man is to live happily and usefully and to be kind and brave and as wise as he can, and after that, with God be the rest if there is a God, and if not, be kind and brave and wise anyway and charge it up to profit and loss."

And there is the plan. If I were dictator I should embody it in a few well-chosen words of general order, proclamation, and ukase, then hide myself in conference through the decades when it was working out, knowing full well that if I found my general orders obeyed, my proclamations considered, my ukases working, I should become vain and arrogant, mad probably. And so, through tinkering with the machinery I had established, I should wreck it in calamity.

"Gag Rule" Under Fire

By NEWTON AIKEN

Washington, November 20

WITH the Republican Party deprived of its majority in the House of Representatives, a determined drive is at hand to liberalize the rules, which for years have prevented a free and impartial consideration of legislation in that chamber. Insurgent Republicans and Democrats, who have thrown themselves to no avail against the procedural bulwarks behind which Republican conservatism has chosen to intrench itself in recent Congresses, are now in position to capture the parliamentary dugouts and bring the processes of legislation into the open. The two groups began to prepare for an offensive against the rules as long ago as last winter, and by the time the new Congress, with its nominal Democratic majority in the House, assembles, the shock troops will be ready for the advance.

The promise of success attaching to this venture in parliamentary liberalism derives largely from the fact that while the Democrats have a nominal majority which will enable them to organize the House, their margin is so small that in the consideration of legislation they will need the support of the insurgent group. Hence they may be expected to make concessions on the rules, on which the insurgents have long occupied an advanced position. This is not to say that many of the Democratic leaders are not sincerely desirous of liberalizing House procedure. There is a large and probably a preponderant group of Democrats who are as earnest as the insurgents in their efforts to remove the "gag" which now prevents a free exercise of legislative discretion.

In fact, the starting-point of the reform drive is to be found in a series of amendments to the rules put forward last February by Representative Charles R. Crisp, of Georgia, son of a former Democratic Speaker and one of the leading figures on the Democratic side. The purpose of the Crisp amendments, which are proposed for discussion now with a view to their adoption in the next Congress, is to free the House from the domination of the small group of majority leaders who exercise a preponderant influence on legislation.

As the rules stood in the last Congress, such autonomy was wholly lacking. Conditions were not so bad as they were before the revolt against "Cannonism" in 1910 deprived the Speaker of his autocratic powers, but authority was still highly centralized. Prior to 1910 the Speaker did everything of importance in the House. He appointed committees and thus controlled legislation at its source. He was chairman of a highly compact Rules Committee which dictated procedure and so regulated the action of the House itself. He also had the power of recognition and was thus master of every situation on the floor. The fight of the then Representative George W. Norris, of Nebraska, and the late Champ Clark against the arbitrary exercise of this immense power by "Uncle Joe" Cannon deprived the Speaker of the chairmanship of the Rules Committee. The Democrats followed a year later by taking away the power to appoint committees. The Speaker retained only the power of recognition and its attendant mastery of situations on the floor.

These changes did not, however, make the House a democracy. They left it merely an oligarchy where it had previously been an autocracy. Under Republican rule the oligarchy has been composed of the Speaker, the majority leader, and the chairman of the Rules Committee. These three exercised all the power formerly held by the Speaker alone. The majority leader, as chairman of the Republican Committee on Committees, dominated committee assignments. The chairman of the Rules Committee, with a carefully chosen group of associates at his back, controlled procedure. The Speaker was still the arbiter of every situation on the floor. In justice to the Republican occupants of these key positions, it must be said that they generally employed their power in accordance with the wishes of the bulk of the Republican membership. But the power was exercised in complete disregard of any Republican minority, which by the aid of Democratic votes might have constituted an actual majority in passing on particular bills. And on not a few occasions general committees and the Rules Committee were used to prevent a vote on controversial issues on which public opinion was demanding action. For example, the House was not allowed to vote on government operation of the Muscle Shoals power properties during the last Congress. When the Norris resolution for government operation came from the Senate, the organization-controlled Military Affairs Committee of the House arranged to report a substitute leasing resolution. The Rules Committee brought in a rule for the consideration of the substitute as an original bill and thus shut out all opportunity for the House to express itself on the Norris resolution, although a majority of the membership was believed to approve that solution of the Muscle Shoals problem. The delay of the leaders in letting the Norris "lame-duck" amendment to the Constitution come to a vote is another case in point. Such examples might be multiplied to great length.

Many instances of this character have convinced most observers that the way to give the House autonomy is to amend the rule for discharging a committee and bringing a bill directly to the floor. An effective discharge rule enables

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a majority of the House to override a recalcitrant committee that may be holding up a bill under the influence of the leaders, while a rule that is ineffective leaves the House helpless. The discharge rule to which the Republicans have adhered has never worked. It permitted the discharge of a committee and the consideration of a bill on the floor only after 218 members had signed a secret petition on the Speaker's table requesting such action. In practice, it was never possible to get 218 men—a majority of the whole membership rather than a majority of those in attendance—to sign a petition under the eyes of the powerful Speaker and of nobody else.

Recognizing the importance of this procedure, a group of insurgent Republicans joined with the Democrats on the organization of the Sixty-fifth Congress in December, 1923, and succeeded in getting a somewhat more liberal discharge rule. The practice then adopted provided for the discharge of a committee and the consideration of a bill on the floor on the petition of 150 members. Operation of this rule was surrounded by so many technicalities that it failed of its full purpose. It did serve, however, to bring to the floor the Howell-Barkley Railway Labor Act, which became law against the wishes of the House leadership. Despite this accomplishment the Republicans repudiated the rule when they came into a majority large enough to permit them to disregard the insurgents in the next Congress. They restored the present "gag rule" requiring 218 signatures.

The Crisp program provides for a discharge rule that would be a knockout. It would permit 100 members by petition to bring up on the floor the question of discharging a committee. A majority of those present would then decide whether actually to take the bill up for consideration in the House. This proposed discharge rule would apply not only to general committees but also to the Rules Committee, which has never been subjected to such a procedure. With the Rules Committee covered by this practice, it would be possible for 100 members to bring up questions of procedure as well as pending bills for decision in the House by a majority vote. In this manner the House would acquire complete control over its legislative program, which the Rules Committee now dictates by using or withholding its power to give bills a privileged status. By adopting such a rule as this the House would become its own master for the first time since the days of Speaker Reed.

A further feature of the Crisp program would provide for autonomy in committees as well. Many of the most important committees, including the Ways and Means Committee, are often immobilized at the present time because they have no regular meeting days and because the chairman is the only authority privileged to call meetings. Mr. Crisp would break such blockades by giving a majority of every committee the power to call a meeting regardless of the wishes of the chairman.

Something more is involved in these proposals than the question of autonomy. That is important, to be sure; but the impending battle over rules also brings up the question whether members of the House are to stand and face issues or dodge them. The present rules facilitate dodging. Members of the House do not always vote on issues before the eyes of their constituents. They often hide from public scrutiny behind parliamentary technicalities their constituents do not understand. It is possible for a member to tell his district publicly that he favors a measure and at the same time use his influence privately with a general committee or with the Rules Committee to have that measure pigeonholed so it will not come to a vote. Defenders of the present regime frankly admit that this often occurs. When Representative Bertrand E. Snell, chairman of the Rules Committee in the last Congress and now a candidate for the Republican leadership, rose to protest last winter against the Crisp proposals, he described the practice of dodging thus:

> It is very difficult for a man constituted as I am to take the pounding that the chairman of the Rules Committee receives on the floor of the House, when I know the member is demagoguing. I know it because time and time again he has come to me after he has made his statement and said: "Do not pay any attention to it. I did not mean it, but I was forced into this for political reasons, but for God's sake you stand up and do what is right."

By transferring power from the House organization to the House itself the Crisp reforms would end the subterfuges to which Mr. Snell referred. There would no longer be a chance for members to hide behind the machinery set up by the organization for the execution of its plans. Congressmen would be forced to declare themselves on the floor as to whether or not bills should come up and whether or not they should pass. They would be forced to adhere in their official conduct to the professions they make to their constituents. The change would mean hard going for Representatives with weak knees, but it would put the House more nearly on a moral level with the Senate, where procedural dodges have always been difficult.

While the equal division between the two major parties which gives these reform proposals their best chance of success may disappear after the Seventy-second Congress, the reforms themselves, if they are adopted, may easily become permanent. The Norris revolt of 1910 permanently deprived the Speaker of much of his autocratic power. The Democrats came into control of the House in the Sixty-second Congress, and since they had supported the reform proposals in the first instance, consistency required them to retain and extend the rules they had helped adopt. By the time the Republicans regained control eight years later, the reform rules had crystallized into a tradition which could not be disturbed. A liberalization of the rules initiated by virtue of temporary circumstances became an enduring fact. The revolt against "gag rule" in the Sixty-eighth Congress had a different result. In the Sixty-ninth Congress Republicans recaptured a number of seats and came into a majority so large as to enable them to disregard the attitude of the insurgents. As a result they restored the rules that had been in effect prior to 1923, and neither the House nor the country was permitted permanently to enjoy even the limited fruits of the two-year insurgent-Democratic victory.

The permanency of any changes in the Seventy-second Congress promises to hinge, as in the past, on the control of succeeding Congresses. If the Republicans are deprived of control for a number of years, if the House is dominated either by the Democrats alone or by the Democrats and insurgents acting in concert on this issue, the present reform movement may break once and for all the regime of autocracy for which the House has become noted. In such an event, the nation would come into the possession of two legislative assemblies in which legislators would have to face issues openly and on their merits.

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In the Driftway

WHEN he wrote of the small house by the brook, to which a world longing for simplicity might retreat, the Drifter struck a responsive chord. From all over the country owners of small houses have written to him, describing their own little castles and inviting him to visit them. From Cody, Wyoming, comes a letter telling of a "two-room log cabin on our little 120-acre ranch. . . . Walls are the rich shaded brown of bark-covered pine logs. The roof is 'dirt'—the Wyoming homesteader's thatch. That is, two layers of slabs with the bark on are laid convex sides out to form ceiling inside, 'shingles' out, and topped with a few inches of gumbo tramped flat when wet. A dirt roof is warm in winter, cool in summer, and—leaky when and if it rains."

* * * * *

CALIFORNIA has this kind of house to offer: "We live in a California-village builder's conception of a small New England farmhouse! . . . It is all so small and simple that it does not have to be taken seriously. It isn't the space we have inside but what we look out upon. To the west is the blue expanse of the Pacific, to the north a bay that must rival the Bay of Naples and, beyond, California's round hills, and to the east a small domelike mountain." Nor is the locality without inhabitants: "In winter the coyotes come as near to us as that mountainside and we hear them barking in the night. Jack rabbits are still plentiful around us. . . . Gophers are the bane of our garden. Owls, large and small, are as familiar as the robin in New England. Blue herons sometimes come up from the bay and spend long, quiet hours in the fields beyond our windows."

* * * * *

PERHAPS the best small house the Drifter ever saw was in the Duchy of Cornwall, that corner of England that is swept by winds that never stop blowing, so that plants develop great roots and little leaves to keep from being blown away, and trees are bent and twisted in strange, comical shapes. This was a miner's cottage, walls two feet thick of stone, windows set deeply in, to keep the wind out probably. The house was heated by hard-coal grates, the cooking stove was a special Cornish stove that resisted every foreigner who attempted to cook on it, and the lamps held paraffin—Americans think they are right when they call it kerosene. There was a little garden in front of the house and a small field with a still smaller friendly donkey at the back. When the rich, thick Cornish fogs came up out of the sea, as often they did, the window squares showed blank and white. And the waves sliding on the rocky beach nearby made an excellent, unintermittent accompaniment to thought.

* * * * *

PROBABLY the secret of the charm of a small house is that there is so much time for thinking. The business of living is reduced to a minimum; if the house is properly situated there are no troublesome neighbors, no adjacent buildings, no noisy mechanical means of transportation. When the brief business of tidying up and dishing up a couple of fried eggs is attended to, the whole day remains to sit and think. Thinking may be done comfortably with the accompaniment of tobacco or without it, with a sympathetic companion or alone, with a book to look at occasionally or none. One's attitude while engaged in thought varies with the individual: some people like their feet higher than their heads; some like to lie flat. It is on the whole better not to go to bed. To think is not to sleep. Beyond that the Drifter would impose no regulations. In fact, he would not make thinking compulsory at all. He merely recommends it as a pleasant occupation, and a small, remote house as the pleasantest place in which to do it.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Third Degree

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Nothing that you or *The Nation* may say will adequately describe the outrages that are being perpetrated by officers of the law against prisoners to secure forced, and sometimes false, confessions. The trouble is to get our bar associations to act. A great many lawyers ignore or wink at these cruelties on the theory that the end justifies the means, which is a barbarous point of view. The truth of the matter is that our system of criminal law is hopelessly wrong and is responsible for the situation in which we find ourselves. In order to cure the defect we should have to amend the Constitution.

For years I have openly favored the Continental system of requiring the defendant to take the witness stand, but in the presence of and under the protection of the court. Confessions otherwise gathered, after arrest, are not valid under that system.

With us, a large proportion of crimes, especially crimes of cunning, go unpunished because of the difficulty of finding the evidence, while under the Continental system the evidence is frequently disclosed through the examination of the defendant.

I have at times urged that no confessions shall constitute evidence unless made in the presence of the committing magistrate or some other official, and that attempts to force admissions should be treated as criminal acts and the aggressor punished. But we shall make no headway in that direction.

New York, November 13 SAMUEL UNTERMYER

Mr. Williamson Excepts

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Tired of *The Nation's* pathetically sincere claptrap I refused to renew my subscription, but I could not resist the temptation to see what you had to say on the British election. MacDonald Smashes British Labor confirms my previous impression of your careless collection of facts and your more pernicious habit of innuendo to suit your own point of view.

British Labor smashed itself. It funked the job in a crisis, the job of carrying on the King's government. Both Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Snowden have denied that the bankers, foreign and domestic, insisted on a cut in unemployment pay; they simply required a balanced budget before giving further credit—a not unreasonable requirement of every creditor in every walk of life. England went off the gold standard—but *on a*

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balanced budget, an entirely different matter from going off under the circumstances existing under the Labor Government. So "most Liberals and Labor" believe protection will be ruinous to British industry? Another misstatement! Mr. Snowden (the *Times* [London], October 22) said that the Labor Cabinet voted fifteen to four in favor of a tariff as one way out of the difficulty. And the fifteen included Mr. Henderson himself.

You speak of a "cleverly baited trap"—the very words of that arch-mountebank Lloyd George. To what depths *The Nation* sinks! You have an opinion of the British electorate as poor as it is mistaken. The demagogues, the uplifters, the incompetents have been given—in the words of one elected—"a hell of a kick in the pants."

As to a "friendly government" in England; can it be "friendly" with a country having a Hawley-Smoot tariff and seeking interest at 3½ per cent over a period of sixty-five years? The hard-boiled will be met by the hard-boiled—far from a tariff "striking a grave blow" at the Empire, it will make it: nothing else now can.

Jackson Heights, N. Y., November 10 E. Williamson

For Charity or Change?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is with concern that I read your leading editorial paragraph in the issue of October 28. I am surprised that you should urge your readers to cooperate with Mr. Hoover and give to charities and maintain the status quo; that you should desire your readers to hand charity doles to ex-Ford men, ex-Insullites, ex-U. S. Steel men, ex-Mellonites, ex-Rockefellerites, and the rest of Gerard's fifty-four (or was it fifty-eight?); that you should want us to subsidize the greedy corporations which more than any other group may be held accountable for this dreadful depression.

Your readers should refuse to give one cent to status quo charities. Let them give instead to organizations working for a new social order, to a militant political party, to organizations working for the abolition of war, for unemployment insurance. And if some of your readers' hearts are wrung by the visible suffering in their particular city and are moved to give relief, let them give largely and generously to starving strikers—who are absolutely untouched by the status quo charities.

Not one cent for charity! But money, time, and energy for the organizations of change.

New York, October 29 Mary W. Hillyer

Convent Labor

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Under the heading Can Such Things Be? there appeared in *The Nation* of October 7 a letter signed by G. S. Gartong of Chicago. The correspondent rebukes *The Nation* for its tariff views, asserting that a lowering of the tariff would mean the dumping in this country of the cheaply made goods of all the Roman Catholic convents of Europe. The correspondent further declares that there are "Roman Catholic convents in the United States that use free child labor, pay no taxes or license fees, and sell their goods to greedy department stores at a large profit," and so on and so on.

It is possible G. S. Gartong confuses orphan asylums with convents. In Catholic orphan asylums as well as in corrective institutions the occupants are taught—aside from the regular school courses—various trades and handiwork designed to make them independent when they leave the institution. The goods thus manufactured are sold at the best price they will bring. The proceeds of the sales go toward the upkeep of the institution and to other charities. The nuns and secular brothers in charge of these institutions receive nothing.

As to the charge that "dumping" of cheaply made European convent goods in this country would affect our home industries, I answer—bunk! If the "cheaply made" products of all the Catholic convents of Europe, Africa, Asia, and Australia were "dumped" in the United States, the effect would be so small that no one would be aware of it. I fear G. S. Gartong is giving over-credulous ear to the familiar anti-Catholic bunkum.

Floral Park, N. Y., October 23 Albert G. Macaulay

Government Competition

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Congratulate Mr. F. J. Schlink on his article in your issue of November 11 criticizing the U. S. Bureau of Standards. On page 165 of the Hearings before the Subcommittee of the House of Representatives, Committee on Appropriations, Department of Commerce, Appropriation Bill, 1932, one may read that last year the Bureau of Standards performed $683,615 worth of work for which it received $72,251.45. The Act of Congress of 1901 which set up the Bureau of Standards authorized it to collect fees for work done, and the official figures show that the bureau charges 10 per cent of what any business concern would charge.

This looks very much like very unfair competition by the government with private business.

New York, November 6 Wm. E. Bullock

All the Smart Young Men

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Did you ever stop to think that if you put a pair of horns on H. L. Mencken's head you would have a perfect picture of the devil? Just try it some time. No, I am not a Methodist or a Puritan. I am just a general practitioner of medicine who is fed up with Mencken, Krutch, and Huxley. Those gentlemen are dead and don't know it. They have no wisdom or humility. Truth and sensationalism are synonymous terms to them. They have no background, nor have they had any practical experience; they are flippant, smart, and conceited; they are as far removed from the great men whom they have falsified and vilified as a stockbroker is from an Emerson. In one thing they have rung true; they have been the perfect expression of the Vulgar Era, of a vulgarity such as this country has never known before and which I hope we shall never know again. When it dies, the host of smart young intellectuals will die also, and in another ten or twenty years we shall never know that they have lived at all.

Glen Cove, N. Y., November 10 Neil C. Stevens

Jeremiah Clemens

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am engaged on a biography of Jeremiah Clemens of Alabama (1814-1865), soldier, statesman, and well-known novelist. If any of your readers have letters or other information on Clemens, will they please communicate with me.

Webster Groves, Mo., November 8 Cyril Clemens

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Anti-Soviet Concentration in Paris

By PIERRE VAN PAASSEN

ON October 30, 1930, the headquarters of the Russian Military Union in Paris issued a proclamation, signed by its president, General Miller, wherein it was hinted with sinister implication that "perhaps some other Koutiepoff cases might be necessary to unite Russians for the salvation of Russia." This document, which was the opening shot in Miller's drive to change what he called "the mentality of dread silence" among the monarchist refugees into "a campaign of direct action," was calculated to line up the hesitant nobles behind Grand Duke Cyril, the new "Czar before God and the conscience of humanity."

While many of the most influential émigrés up to that time had balked at Cyril's elevation to the imperial dignity, under pressure of Miller's threats and his insistence upon the immediate creation of a "united front against the bandits in the Kremlin," thousands rallied to the cause. Before a month had elapsed, so much progress had been made that Cyril came to Paris, accompanied by his wife and the "Czarevitch," to receive the homage of the united monarchists. On the way from St. Brieuc in Brittany, where the "Czar's" estate is located, General Miller surprised the "imperial" party with a joyous little military celebration. Coming along a bend in the road in the Forest of Rambouillet, the "imperial" family was greeted by a thunderous ovation on the part of some twelve hundred young Russians, who, after singing the Czarist hymn, proceeded to march past Cyril in perfect military formation. At the close of the review "Czarevitch" Vladimir tearfully voiced his pride in "the future commanders of the national Russian army" and expressed the hope that he would "soon march in their ranks for the delivery of Holy Mother Russia."

A few weeks before this demonstration in the woods General Miller had already marched up the Champs Elysées one Sunday afternoon at the head of five thousand nobles wearing their uniforms and decorations. Arrived under the Arch of Triumph, three long-haired archimandrites with towering cylindrical hats, carrying a miracle-working ikon from Nijni, had bobbed up mysteriously to swing tinkling golden censers over the battered eagles and standards, whereupon the White Guard had dropped reverently to its knees to sing "Boja Tsaria," while five thousand hands were raised above the marble slab that covers the symbolic victim to swear death to the Marxist usurpers.

Neither for the Paris show nor for the affair in the forest had General Miller bothered to obtain the necessary police permission. The records do not show, either, that Miller ever received the slightest reprimand for his unauthorized parades. This is the more surprising since the present prefect, M. Jean Chiappe, is the strictest disciplinarian of public demonstrations Paris has had since the Second Empire.

Thus, under the benevolent eye of the French government, the campaign was started to weld the three or four million Russians outside the Soviet Union into one solid anti-Soviet bloc, which would be ready, as Miller said, "to function at a moment's notice, that is to say, in placing its man power and resources within twenty-four hours at the disposal of whatever Power or group of Powers is first to open hostilities with the red army." The French authorities acted in an entirely different manner in the case of Spanish and Catalonian republicans recently; but it tolerates active interventionist preparations among the white Russians by permitting them to maintain three military establishments in Paris, one on the rue Madame, another on the rue Condamine, and the third in the rue Mademoiselle. The government has furthermore allowed the establishment under its very nose in Paris of an Anti-Soviet News Agency, and to top it all, has granted permission for the launching of a white Russian corporation for the manufacture of munitions. Thanks to this almost protective attitude, the Russian Dispersion has taken an altogether new grip on itself.

Nothing has served to put more heart into the Russian monarchist organizations than the formation of the Poutiloff-Becker Munition Company, incorporated in Paris in December, 1930. According to the corporation's charter, duly ratified by the French Ministries of War and Commerce, its object is "the manufacture, purchase, and sale of all varieties of war munitions, war equipment, and hunting arms." The founder is Engineer Edgar Becker of Berlin, whose personal contribution to the corporation is a set of patents, including one for an "explosive shell of high fragmentation and its manufacture for artillery purposes or other ends." The directorate of this company presents but a slightly abbreviated list of the St. Petersburg industrial oligarchy of Czarist days. Among the directors are Count Léon de Moltke-Huitfeld, a Dane; M. Alexis Poutiloff, former proprietor of the Poutiloff works, chief purveyors of munitions to the imperial Russian army; M. Etienne Lianosoff, director of the Russo-Asiatic Bank, who is also a member of the board of Royal Dutch.

Chief among the powerful foreign patrons of the refugees in Paris must be counted Sir Henri Deterding. His sympathy for the cause of the exiles probably derives from two sources, the first being the expropriation by the Soviet Government of the oil wells and equipment formerly held by his company in the Batum region, and the second his marriage to a Russian princess.

In September, 1930, Sir Henri appeared before a large gathering of Russian exiles and Parisian society folk, among whom were several leading French politicians, assembled in Sèvres. They had met to open an annex to the Russo-Armenian College directed by the exiled Metacharist Fathers. Sir Henri made the prediction that the refugees would be on their way back home within a year. Private sources of information, he intimated, led him to believe that the Communist regime in Moscow was heading full speed for disaster. He called upon the refugee youth to be ready to answer the call of their fatherland whenever it should come. As a token of his faith in their speedy repatriation, he pledged himself publicly on that occasion to match every dollar collected by the various Russian patriotic organizations for war equipment with a dollar of his own.

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The favorite French theory of *cherchez la femme* undoubtedly holds the key to unlock the secret of many another mysterious source of revenue for Russian monarchist organizations in France. The infiltration of Russian exiles into French society, particularly noticeable in the *chroniques mondaines* of conservative Parisian dailies of the Coty stamp, is responsible for the fact that at present no less than 3,000 Russian boys are studying at the expense of wealthy French families. Many others follow courses in aviation. At the "Young Russian" reunions, which are fast becoming society affairs of the first magnitude and where the "Czar" and his brother Andrew occasionally appear, the Jugoslav legation is officially represented.

Something more definite to cheer the refugees than General Miller's periodic manifestoes has been the foundation of a bank of its own by the Russian Emigration in Paris on January 14 of this year. This institution, known as the Mutual Credit Union, has on its administrative council such men as M. Michel Kedieff, an ex-admiral in the Russian imperial fleet, and Count Nicholas Schebeko, former Russian ambassador in Vienna, director of the Russian Association for the Liberation of the Fatherland, and member of the Executive of the Russian Monarchist Congress. M. Michel Bernatsky, whose name figures as that of one of the commissaries of the bank, is the former Minister of Finance in the Provisional Government. This man also served General Denikin as financial adviser on the latter's interventionist expedition.

In March Paris newspapers also reported the founding of a new Russo-French publication, in addition to the half-dozen intervention-preaching bilingual dailies directed by Russians that are already in existence. This new periodical bears the name of *Economic and Financial Studies,* and has for its mission the examination of the validity of funds, industrial enterprises, and all manner of economic and financial undertakings on behalf of its subscribers. Its directors include Baron Schilling, former chief of the Chancellery of the Foreign Ministry in Petrograd, and M. Nicholas A. Basily, his one-time assistant at the same institution, who achieved international notoriety in pre-war days as the writer of a report urging an immediate war for the opening of the Straits and the solution of the Constantinople question.

Miller came to Paris in February, 1930, a few weeks before General Koutiepoff's disappearance. He had been engaged in organizing the anti-Soviet front in the Far East. In March he proclaimed the unity of command for all fronts, with himself as commander-in-chief. In December he made a trip through Eastern Europe, visiting among other places the concentration camps in Bulgaria and Jugoslavia where the remnants of Wrangel's army are colonizing tracts of territory set aside for their benefit by the governments of these countries. After his return to Paris the General's optimism led him to convoke some English and American newspaper correspondents, to whom he said: "I have just passed in review my troops in Bulgaria and Jugoslavia. . . . In spite of hardships my soldiers have preserved discipline, subordination, and the mental state of a well-instructed army. . . . The moment serious troubles break out in Russia, we will mobilize rapidly and appear on the frontiers. We are convinced that we will sweep the peasant population with us on our march to Moscow. Our ranks are complete and thoroughly organized. The day war starts, another half-million Russians are ready to join us. What we need at the present time is arms and munitions to equip 100,000 men. This money will be forthcoming the moment Europe understands what we have known all along—namely, that it is only by engaging in an armed struggle with communism that the religion and civilization of Russia can be saved."

"In Paris," went on the new Russian war lord with astonishing frankness, "there exists a Russian High War College. This institution cannot begin to satisfy all those who wish to attend its classes. Nevertheless, we have succeeded in teaching the basis of military science to more than 10,000 men. This is what I want understood: We are ready. We are awaiting the hour. . . . We are awaiting the call of the Russian Fatherland with impatience!"

In the interval that elapsed between the utterance of these words and their publication in English newspapers, notably in the Sunday *Referee,* the Government of M. Tardieu was overthrown and replaced by a Cabinet under M. Theodore Steeg. At the first session of Parliament at which M. Steeg appeared as Premier, he was asked whether the government was aware that the white Russians maintained a military academy on French territory. General Miller took the hint and put the soft pedal on his saber-rattling interviews. He replied in *Renaissance,* a reactionary Russian journal published in Paris, that the Russian Military Union, of which he is the head, had not really set up a formal war college, but had merely instituted classes where members of the union could come "to refresh their knowledge of military science." The distinction seems negligible if regard is had to the explicit "Military Guide" published by the union. This book states that "strategy and general staff theory" are taught by General Golovine. The "technical military engineering course," it is found upon investigation, differs in no essential point from the course in military engineering at the Polytechnique or St. Cyr War Academy. The "Guide" furthermore sets forth that admission to these classes is "open to all young Russians above the age of sixteen," a statement that seems scarcely reconcilable with General Miller's refreshment classes for veterans.

The G. H. Q. of the white army, located on the rue Madame, according to information supplied to the Chamber of Deputies under M. Steeg's administration, regularly issues communiqués and army orders signed by General Miller or his staff officers. General Miller, in the course of questioning by reporters, admitted that he was "almost daily" in receipt of reports from agents in all parts of the world, "including Soviet Russia," and that "all information on events and personalities in the Soviet Union is carefully tabulated and filed for future reference" by volunteer clerks. Most of these clerks are ex-nobles who, in turns, give a day's work at headquarters to the national cause. The Koutiepoff affair revealed that two hundred Russian chauffeurs in Paris take turns in placing their taxis at the disposal of the General Staff one day a month. Incidentally, it was this volunteer service that proved the undoing of Koutiepoff himself; for it is supposed that he was hailed in Russian by a chauffeur on the morning of his disappearance, and that he stepped into the car parked outside his home as a matter of course, thinking the driver to be a member of the Military Union. Every hypothesis seems legitimate in an environment seething with espionage, intrigue, and counter-intrigue.

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Finance

The Future of the Railroads

THE most famous names on the roster of American railroads are under a cloud in the investment markets. Many dividends have already been reduced or omitted, and it is suspected that similar action will be taken by roads such as the New York Central, New Haven, Baltimore and Ohio, Lehigh Valley, Union Pacific—lines which a few years ago possessed unquestioned stability and financial power. Two and a half years of business depression, coupled with bus, truck, and waterways competition, have cut into operating revenues to a point where numerous lines, well regarded not so long ago, are now failing to earn their bond interest. The latest complete monthly figures show gross operating revenues for 171 Class I roads amounting to $350,000,000, compared with $467,500,000 in the same month last year and $566,700,000 a year before that.

Conditions on the New York Central, as shown by the September 30 balance sheet and income account of that company, indicate some of the details of what has been taking place. In the latest quarterly period that billion-dollar line earned only $225,366, compared with $8,813,775 in the same quarter of 1930. Current or "quick" assets decreased by $16,746,028 and current liabilities increased nearly $28,000,000, to a point where they were some $17,500,000 greater than the offsetting quick assets. Unfunded debts, principally bank loans, are believed to be between $40,000,000 and $50,000,000.

Impairment of financial strength among the leading lines goes far beyond the question of dividends and interest payments in its effects. It will curtail the scope of those inter-company affiliations which were progressing with so much vigor three years ago, in the form of direct purchases of stock, the setting up of groups such as the Van Sweringen holdings centering around the Chesapeake and Ohio–Nickel Plate, and the creation of holding companies like Pennroad and Alleghany Corporation. Tremendous amounts of capital are needed for these operations, and neither the roads nor the public are in a position to furnish that capital now. Hence, we are likely to see a pause in that striking movement toward consolidation which bore such a curious relationship to the federal government's policy of consolidation, as imbedded in the Transportation Act of 1920 and intrusted to the Interstate Commerce Commission for execution. With mergers rendered more difficult from the financial standpoint, and with the existing law admittedly a failure in several directions, we are evidently approaching a point where a new policy with regard to railroads will have to be evolved.

When all this is said, however, it should also be said that from the standpoint of the investor who looks beyond the immediate situation—the "long-pull" investor, as he is known in Wall Street—the stocks and bonds of the best companies may soon look like bargains. It is not the function of this column to act as investment counselor, but a situation like the present one is so striking that it demands notice. The fact is that railroad stocks, as a group, were never split up, inflated, and carried to fantastic market levels to anything like the extent of industrial stocks. The ultimate revival of business activity can hardly fail to have striking effects on the railway outlook.

Two points, at least, should be kept in mind by those who are awaiting investment opportunities in railroad shares. First, these investors should be prepared to go along with little or no income for a considerable period. Second, it may be doubted whether the stocks of roads which are faced with reorganization or receivership are "cheap," even at present levels.

S. PALMER HARMAN

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HOLIDAY BOOK SECTION

The Nation

Vol. CXXXIII, No. 3465 Wednesday, December 2, 1931

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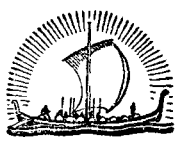

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Holiday Book Section

The Critic's Dilemma

I. Science or Art?

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FULLY developed schools of art usually inspire systems of aesthetics which accompany and defend them. Sometimes the artists themselves, aware that they have departed from tradition, sketch out a theory intended to justify their novel processes. Sometimes, on the contrary, it is the first admirers of the new methods who assume the duty of demonstrating that these methods correspond either to the discovery or the rediscovery of the true nature and purpose of art. And yet, inevitable as this process is, it is notoriously true that really first-class work usually long outlives the theory which was supposed to justify it, and that taste, however variable it may be, is generally more stable than those rationalizations of it which constitute criticism.

Nothing could, in this connection, be more instructive than to compare a certain passage in Vasari with a certain better-known paragraph in Pater. Both of these commentators felt a very particular admiration for the Mona Lisa of Da Vinci, and yet it would be impossible to guess from their two descriptions of its qualities that the same picture was in question. Pater is concerned with certain spiritual qualities which he believes it to have been the painter's purpose to suggest. Vasari is concerned almost exclusively with the accuracy with which the realistic details of a face have been reproduced and, in fact, bases no inconsiderable part of his appreciation upon such things as the rendering of the bloom of the cheek and the imitation of each separate eyelash.

Nor is it to be supposed that we have here to do with nothing except a personal idiosyncrasy, for in general the men of the Renaissance attributed a very great importance to that accuracy of imitation which most modern painters so utterly abominate, and we need look at no more than the writings of the past hundred years to realize that theories of literature have been at least as discordant as theories of painting.

In the first place, the whole conception of the function of criticism was twice inverted during the course of the century. When it began, the critic was firmly seated in the judge's chair, and was generally expected to pronounce an author guilty or innocent in accordance with the laws of the republic of letters. Then romanticism unseated him, and fifty years after the heyday of the autocrats the critic himself was proclaiming the purely personal character of his opinions and boasting of the fact that he merely subjected himself to the influence of his author in order to discover what that author was about. The "judgment" had given way to the "impression," and "myself in connection with Shakespeare" was the accepted formula. But though that attitude is still common enough, it is no longer undisputed. In the minds of many aestheticians it is "impersonality" rather than "sensitivity" which is the mark of really valuable criticism, and the more advanced of the intellectualist critics have once more seated themselves upon the judge's chair. Nor has change been any less obvious in the accepted criteria for the evaluation of individual works of art.

Indeed, rival systems have contradicted one another so flatly that it might almost seem as though new groups of critics had set up shop by the simple process of inverting the cardinal doctrine of their competitors, and as though ingenuity had been exhibited chiefly in the discovery of new sets of opposing aims or qualities which could be championed. Thus the Tolstoyian contention that the only valid test of literary value is moral usefulness is met by the aesthete's proclamation that morality has nothing whatsoever to do with the matter, and by his determination to demonstrate the fact by selecting the most morally repulsive materials as well as the most morally perverse conclusions. Thus also a Bernard Shaw, speaking for the creators of a whole school of drama and fiction, declares that "happiness and beauty are by-products"—by-products of, that is to say, that earnest social conviction and earnest social purpose which another school is ready to denounce as not only wholly foreign to the purpose of art but utterly destructive of even any capacity for a genuine aesthetic experience. And if these examples will serve as illustrations of the violence of disagreement which has existed between confidently asserted opinions concerning the relationship of literature to morals and sociology, even briefer allusions to other such contradictory contentions must suffice.

Flaubert convinces his admirers that the *sine qua non* of literature is style, and that style is characterized by its continual employment of the one precise and accurate word which perfectly defines the idea or the thing; but Verlaine, in a scarcely less well-known and scarcely less influential passage, banishes from literature whatever *is* precise, and calls for the nebulous, the vague, and the ambiguously evocative. Another whole school professes to have discovered the secret of art in its expressiveness. It assumes that a work is valuable in so far as it reveals or expresses the man behind it, but the critics who form this school appear wholly oblivious of the fact that another and a newer school finds the *absence* of any obvious personality in a piece of literature one of the signs of its authentically literary character, and exalts above everything else an objective detachment, especially in poetry. Even this is not all, for just as psychology seems just about to define the nature of that relationship (long assumed to exist) between the poet and the dreamer, Paul Valéry announces with Orphic finality that "whoever says poetry says the very opposite of dream."

Nor—it must be remembered—were any of these mutually destructive contentions lightly advanced or lightly held. Not only was each the product of a passionate conviction, but each was illustrated by works of very considerable merit, which seemed to owe their excellence to the fact that they embodied a recognition of the principle in question. Each

* The first of a series of three articles by Mr. Krutch. The second will appear in an early issue.—EDITOR THE NATION.

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was, moreover, the occasion of a very considerable body of interesting critical writing, and gave currency to the names of certain critics, each of whom was, for a time at least, the center of a genuine cult, whose members not only spread the doctrine of their master, but very often adopted toward the uninitiated that attitude of condescension which is the true mark of the disciple.

It is, for example, not long since the expressionistic theories of Croce (known in America chiefly through Spingarn's "Creative Criticism") were on the tip of every knowing commentator's tongue, but new leaders—T. S. Eliot, for example—are now in fashion, and these same commentators now assume toward those tainted with a taste for the "expressive" the same pitying contempt formerly reserved for those who did *not* realize that only "expression" really counted. Sometimes one wonders, indeed, whether or not the more condescending reviewers fully realize how wholly incompatible are the doctrines of the leaders who replaced one another in such rapid succession. Anatole France's Pyrrhonic skepticism—the limitless relativism of his critical principles—had hardly been understood until some, at least, began to babble of "standards"; Remy de Gourmont's rationalistic, materialistic, and analytic approach was still known chiefly to the illuminati when it began to be bruited about that the really advanced in literary matters were now interested chiefly in metaphysics, mathematics, and a "synthesis," or that they had, at the very least, thrown away their copy of "La Disassociation des Idées" in order to thumb the pages of Valéry's "Soirée avec M. Teste" and Eliot's "The Sacred Wood."

There was even, for a time, a not wholly ununderstandable doubt concerning the side of the fence upon which some of the leading creative writers were to be sought. Thus some naive persons supposed that Joyce and Eliot represented only the most advanced stage of "decadence," that theirs was merely a cynicism, a skepticism, and a general "je m'en f—tism" which had only carried them farther upon the road previously taken by their less extravagant predecessors. But it was, of course, soon discovered that Joyce and Eliot were, on the contrary, austere classicists following in the footsteps of Homer and of Dante, and that one of them at least was headed irresistibly toward the church. This discovery, moreover (and purely incidentally), corresponded roughly in time with the discovery that the physical sciences, instead of being, as it had commonly been supposed, materialistic and atheistic, were on the contrary mystical and pious.

Perhaps the criticism of literature should be a science, and perhaps science should be what it pretends that it is—positive knowledge of external phenomena arrived at by processes of experiment and of induction wholly uninfluenced by prejudice or desire. But it is evident enough that, at least in their more usual manifestations, neither is either. The conclusions of science are, on the contrary, commonly neither positive nor wholly uninfluenced by the temperamental prejudices of scientists; and criticism, which so frequently and so radically changes the premises which determine its aims, methods, and standards, does not achieve either an exactitude or a detachment equal even to those of science. But if criticism is not a science, then it must—if we accept the conventional dichotomy—be an art, and it is, indeed, just because of its artistic character that its premises are subject to such frequent variation. For art, it must be remembered, owes its charm to the fact that it is so freely plastic.

Man is surrounded by stubborn facts, even when he does not recognize some of them as such. The universe in which he lives is a universe given to him, and there is little that he can alter as radically or as frequently as he would like. But art is a realm of human freedom; it is perpetually being remolded in accordance with human desires, some of which are no more than temporary and wayward fancies; and the world of imagination is delightful exactly because it is so much less stubborn than the world of fact. Human society could not endure if the human nature of one epoch were actually as different from the human nature of the next as artists commonly represent it to be—if, for example, the men of the twentieth century were actually as different from the men of the nineteenth as the characters of D. H. Lawrence are different from the characters of Thackeray. Neither would literature be the continuous thing which it is if its whole character varied as rapidly and as radically as changing critical attitudes would seem to call desirable. But just as human society gains a kind of stability from the very physiological and instinctive bases of human behavior, so the continuity of literature is maintained by aims and methods and functions which remain the same despite certain variations and despite the emphasis upon these variations which critical theories provoke.

Nor is it this plasticity alone which suggests that criticism is an art, for the actual function which it performs is the function of all art, since it rationalizes and gives temporary form to our experiences with literature just as literature rationalizes and gives temporary form to our experiences with nature. What we ask of a novel, for example, is an arrangement of the facts we know in accordance with an intellectual and emotional scheme acceptable to our minds. We expect it to read some sort of order into the bewildering complexity of phenomena, to show how a sequence of events may be interpreted in a way which justifies our attitude toward life, and to find a place for those standards and judgments and preferences which we cherish. But criticism does for the world of art what art does for the world of phenomena. It sets up those same imaginary boundaries and establishes those same quasi-absolutes which literature finds itself obliged to hypostasize when it undertakes the task of providing us with a thinkable and feelable schematization of the material with which it deals. Nor is this all, for just as literature serves to suggest and direct experiments in living, so too criticism serves to suggest and direct experiments in writing. Like literature again, it helps to formulate those creeds which may be changed tomorrow but which, by the very fact that they are believed, give courage and strength and determination to the man who is writing a book as well as to the man who is molding a life.

Life and literature may flow on, and neither may be what it seems, but the phenomena of both can be understood only when art has translated them into logical terms. The critic—usually, at least—is only endeavoring to make art—which is to say, a logical whole—out of the separate phenomena of literature, just as the novelist or the poet is endeavoring to make art out of the separate phenomena of nature. Critics, like poets, differ among themselves because critics, like poets, are dealing with a realm which is not given to man but created by him—with a realm in which, and for this very reason, values are not so much discovered as brought into being by a fiat of the imagination.

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Mr. Dodgson and Lewis Carroll

By DOROTHY VAN DOREN

ON the fourth of July, 1862—a day that had no political significance for them whatever—a young man of thirty and three young ladies some twenty years his junior went rowing on the Isis River that flows through Oxford town. The afternoon, by the young man's own description, was "golden"; the young ladies, and particularly the middle one, whom, in his precise classical way, he called "Secunda," were, to judge by the many photographs he made of them, unusually beguiling; and he himself, having spent many years in the entertainment of his eight younger sisters, was already an accomplished story-teller. It was not surprising, therefore, that when the sun on the water got too hot and they stopped under the shade of a hayrick to rest, he should have provided royal fare for them. He told them a story. It was "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland."

The Reverend Mr. Dodgson had been ordained deacon by the Bishop of Oxford the year before. He had already spent eleven years as undergraduate and lecturer at the university, and was destined to add another thirty-six years there before death cut short his Oxford residence. His life, in fact, was spent in an almost monastic retirement. He emerged, it is true, to attend the theater—although at times he underwent a struggle with his conscience when he did so; he was a frequent and gracious dinner host—until he arrived at middle life, when even this became too strenuous for him. But his only real diversion, the occupation, as far as his letters and his life reveal, from which he derived happiness, was the entertainment—and the highly successful entertainment—of little girls from five or six years old to perhaps fourteen. He loved them—dozens of them; and there is no question that they loved him. His pockets turned out treasures for them, puzzles, pictures, acrostics, riddles, rhymes, and his mind was stored with other treasures. He wrote them letters, he took them to the theater, he was host to them at dinner, he made photographs of them in every conceivable pose. When he was with them he was not the Reverend Mr. Dodgson at all. He was Lewis Carroll.

"Lewis Carroll" was first used as a pseudonym in 1856, signed to a saccharine little poem in a magazine called *Train*. But long before that the spirit of Lewis Carroll had been visible in the manuscript magazines that Charles Dodgson wrote for his young sisters at the rectory where they grew up. At twelve he wrote *Useful and Instructive Poetry;* two years later appeared the *Rectory Magazine;* and by 1849 he was writing the *Rectory Umbrella,* which had in it many of the germs of "Alice." The *Rectory Umbrella* was succeeded in its turn by *Misch-Masch,* which continued until 1862. It contained among other things a highly obscure bit of verse called "She's All My Fancy Painted Him," which is nothing more or less than an early and not very much altered version of the defense offered for his theft by the Knave of Hearts; and there appeared also a "Stanza of Anglo-Saxon Poetry" which was none other than our old and dear friend "Jabberwocky" with substantially the same comments and glossary expansively bestowed on Alice by Humpty-Dumpty in "Through the Looking Glass." "Alice," therefore, did not like Athena spring full grown from her creator's brain that golden afternoon. She had been growing quite properly for many long years, and although the three Liddell girls were the first to see her in something like her present form, she had long possessed a certain corporate entity.

Before "Alice" was completely off the presses, Lewis Carroll was making himself felt again, this time vastly to the discomfiture of his elders and betters at the university which housed and should properly have subdued him. "Notes by an Oxford Chiel" are a series of pamphlets, not signed with the famous pseudonym but sometimes with the initials "D. L. C.," which plenty of persons found no trouble in recognizing as those of the young deacon. In 1865 appeared "The New Method of Evaluation as Applied to π." This was not, as it might have seemed to be, a serious dissertation on a given aspect of mathematics, but a highly impertinent and equally amusing discourse on one of the matters that were then roiling the university, the question of how large a stipend it was fitting to bestow on Professor Benjamin Jowett, already more than a quarter of a century at Balliol, and one of the most famous masters of Oxford. It had been decided that £500 was a more suitable annual reward for Professor Jowett than the £40 he had been receiving; but the controversy had waged bitterly while it lasted, and young Mr. Dodgson's impertinent formula—"Let U = the university, G = Greek, and P = Professor. Then GP = Greek Professor; let this be reduced to its lowest terms and call the result J"—added nothing to the comfort of those who had suffered defeat. In the same year he wrote "The Dynamics of a Particle," which again was not what it seemed but a geometrical treatment of the contest between Gathorne Hardy and Gladstone for the university seat in the House of Commons. One of the "definitions" in this document gives its tone: *"Plain Superficiality* is the character of a speech in which any two points being taken, the speaker is found to lie wholly with regard to those two points."

Perhaps the most joyful of the "Notes by an Oxford Chiel," however, was the famous "The New Belfry of Christ Church, Oxford," first published in 1872. A few months before, an architectural monstrosity had been erected as an adjunct to Christ Church, and no one criticized it more severely than the Reverend Mr. Dodgson. His dissertation is divided into thirteen chapters. Three of them follow:

> No. 1. *On the etymological significance of the new Belfry, Ch. Ch.*
>
> The word "Belfry" is derived from the French *bel,* "beautiful, becoming, meet," and from the German *frei,* "free, unfettered, secure, safe." Thus, the word is strictly equivalent to "meat-safe," to which the new Belfry bears a resemblance so perfect as almost to amount to coincidence.
>
> No. 4. *On the chief architectural merit of the new Belfry, Ch. Ch.*
>
> Its chief merit is its simplicity—a simplicity so pure, so profound, in a word, so *simple,* that no other word

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will fitly describe it. The meager outline, and baldness of detail, of the present Chapter are adopted in humble imitation of this great feature.

No. 5. *On the other architectural merits of the new Belfry, Ch. Ch.*

The Belfry has no other architectural merits.

In the course of a moderately long life—he died at the age of sixty-six—the Reverend Mr. Dodgson wrote or received 98,721 pieces of correspondence, manuscript, or printed matter, exclusive of books. This we know because he very carefully numbered them and filed them and cross-indexed them. And not a few of the thousands were letters to children. Here again is Lewis Carroll, unmistakably, although he rarely signed them. "I have been awfully busy, and I've had to write heaps of letters, wheelbarrows full, almost," he wrote. "And it tires me so that generally I go to bed again the next minute after I get up: and sometimes I go to bed again a minute *before* I get up." Or, "Though rushing, rapid rivers roar between us (if you refer to the map of England, I think you'll find that to be correct), we still remember each other, and feel a sort of shivery affection for each other." The following, dealing as it does with a remarkable tale in natural history, is perhaps worth quoting at some length.

> . . . that reminds me of a very curious thing that happened to me at half-past four yesterday. Three visitors came knocking at my door, begging me to let them in. And when I opened the door, who do you think they were? You'll never guess. Why, they were three cats! Wasn't it curious? However, they all looked so cross and disagreeable that I took up the first thing I could lay my hand on (which happened to be the rolling-pin) and knocked them all down as flat as pancakes! "If *you* come knocking at *my* door," I said, "*I* shall come knocking at *your* heads." That was fair, wasn't it?
>
> Yours affectionately,
>
> LEWIS CARROLL
>
> MY DEAR AGNES: About the cats, you know. Of course I didn't leave them lying flat on the ground like dried flowers: no, I picked them up, and I was as kind as I could be to them. I lent them the portfolio for a bed —they wouldn't have been comfortable in a real bed, you know: they were too thin—but they were *quite* happy between the sheets of blotting-paper—and each of them had a pen-wiper for a pillow. Well, then I went to bed: but first I lent them the three dinner-bells, to ring if they wanted anything in the night . . . and as they rang *all* the bells *all* night, I suppose they did want something or other, only I was too sleepy to attend to them. . . .

The Reverend Mr. Dodgson was the author of several books on mathematics. (At this point one may as well sadly declare that there is no truth in the old story about Mr. Dodgson and the Queen. The story went that Her Majesty, having been graciously pleased to read "Alice," conveyed to the author that he might be honored by sending her another of his books. Whereupon he made her a present of "An Elementary Treatise on Determinants." Mr. Dodgson categorically denied this in every detail.) Nevertheless, he did write a number of books on mathematics. But Lewis Carroll wrote "Symbolic Logic," which, unlike the mathematical works, is taken seriously by logicians and is, indeed, an indispensable handbook of the subject. I say Lewis Carroll wrote it; he certainly put his name on the title-page. And a very brief examination of the contents would assure the reader that he, and not Mr. Dodgson, was responsible for them. In how many books of logic, for example, would the following propositions appear?

> No muffins are wholesome;
> All buns are unwholesome.
> Buns are not muffins.
>
> Some pillows are soft;
> No pokers are soft.
> Some pokers are not pillows.
>
> Some candles give very little light;
> Candles are *meant* to give light.
> Some things that are meant to give light give very little.
>
> No fossil can be crossed in love;
> An oyster may be crossed in love.
> Oysters are not fossils.

As examples of "Trios of Concrete Propositions, proposed as Syllogisms: to be examined" these are, I believe, unexceptionable. But they have a slightly looking-glass tinge to them, as if the Red Queen might have invented them in one of her off moments. As indeed, in one way, she did.

So much for Lewis Carroll, the friend of children. He was, in some respects, not at all kin to the Reverend Mr. Dodgson. In other respects the kinship is not so distant as is ordinarily supposed. More than once the Canon of Oxford expressed his pain and his distaste for blasphemous or sacrilegious or in any way irreverent speech. This went sometimes to lengths that even his pious nephew and biographer was obliged to smile at. He went to a performance of "Pinafore" given by children, and of the famous "Damme, it's too much," of the Captain and the chorus he wrote:

> I cannot find words to convey to the reader the pain I felt in seeing those dear children taught to utter such words to amuse ears grown callous to their ghastly meaning. . . . How Mr. Gilbert could have stooped to write, or Sir Arthur Sullivan could have prostituted his noble art to set to music, such vile trash, it passes my skill to understand.

This is prudery, of course; it is also pedantry of a sort that gave Lewis Carroll his lasting fame. If anything distinguishes "Alice" more than any other thing, it is plays on words. Lewis Carroll and Mr. Dodgson both had a passionate feeling for the precise, the exact, the inescapable meaning of one word as distinguished from every other word. When Mr. Dodgson heard "damn," it meant to him eternal damnation in hell-fire, at which he, as a sincerely believing Christian, found ample cause to shudder. To hear children gaily consigning themselves and each other to perpetual torment was not, to him, amusing. This punctilious exactitude was at the bottom of much that was distasteful to him in the conversation of his friends.

It was a part of his nature, as was the fact that he found most of his joy in the society of little girls—never little boys—because they were full of "white innocence and uncontaminated spirituality." It was a part of his nature, too, that he wished never to admit, to adults at least, that he was Lewis Carroll, that he would not receive letters so addressed to him at Oxford, and that he wrote, to a child

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who asked him for an autograph of Sir John Tenniel: "Whatever made you think I knew Mr. Tenniel?" Psychoanalysts may busy themselves with the delightful task of explaining these things and of adding to them that the Reverend Mr. Dodgson stammered so badly that he could hardly read aloud in public. He is an interesting case for analysis. His life was evidently not a particularly happy one. He was tortured by self-doubt, by soul-searchings on the subject of his unworthiness, by "the unholy thoughts, which torture with their hateful presence the fancy that would fain be pure." When these difficulties have been resolved, to everybody's satisfaction—and who can deny that there will be a certain interest in having them resolved?—Lewis Carroll will remain, because Alice will remain, forever fixed and true.

She has been rendered into fourteen languages. Children may read her in French and German and Swedish and Italian and Spanish; they may listen to the Mock-Turtle's puns all over Europe—though one or two of them have been too much for the translators—and may trace the mouse's tail down the page from east to west as well as from north to south. Little Chinese children, indeed, begin at the right-hand bottom of the page and follow it to the upper left, and very strange it looks. One hundred and sixty-nine English editions have appeared since the first one; I do not know how many thousands, perhaps millions, of copies have been read, and dog-eared, and wept and laughed over, and thrown away. For many years more than the hundred that have passed since Charles Lutwidge Dodgson's birth in January, 1832, Alice will be a nursery and fireside companion to children and their elders. That afternoon of leisurely rowing on the upper Thames has borne abundant fruit.

Rich Return

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

To give up hope, and find
Nothing cankered, nothing crossed;
All we feared wind-lashed and lost,
Anchored
Deep in earth's unwavering mind—

To see the broken mold
Winter-rotted, cracked with thaws,
Sky-clean with hepaticas,
Unspotted,
Unforgotten, manifold—

To feel the rich return,
Rising pressure of the ground
In the blood till there's no bound
Or measure
To an hour's immense concern—

This is the lover's trust:
His renewal, God's repair;
To find, with havoc everywhere,
Nothing cruel,
Nothing cankered, nothing lost.

The Steam-heated Room

By ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

The morning was itself not quite awake
that rose into the room and dressed itself
up in its customary shapes and shadows.

A darkness that lay warm inside my eyes
refused again to face the filling light
that saw it and dissolved it through the lids.
Then as I rose a soundless shattering
quivered the room and tapped the ceiling.

And every further motion of my getting up
contended with a weight I did not see,
the weight of warmth that droops the heads of nerves.
I thought, what can it be? The steam valve answered,
there, like a legless cricket chirping
news of the sealed-in-iron summer.

The mechanical tropic in my room,
so signaled, pushed, as from an upturned sun,
blunted like warm lead and turned as dull,
up heavy heat. The new waves drove the old
that pressed upon the walls and harder on
my feebler wall of skin that held together
so much that seemed to want to come apart.

It is a little thing to do to raise the window
yet strangely hard. The nerves so lax to rouse
need time to wake the muscles.
The body has not finished with
its slow assembling of familiarity.

I thought of men in snow who feel in drifts
for faggots, or dead branches breaking
and splintering off the frost, make fire
that has a hopeless pallor against snow
which as it melts retreats, as into armor, into ice.

It looked ironical that I should have
this opposite numbness, and should be
at so much pain, in winter, to fetch a little cold.
I raised the window, shivered as I took
the breeze upon my cheek which warped, as cold skin
warps with heat. The steam took on a sudden shimmer
watering in new air.

I felt the need of putting something in my mind
to serve as gapemate to my sense of this,
or as the sort of shadow we make out
growing to a stranger when we know
enough to say about him, "he is who—."

This is the thought that has contented me,
being a city man who loves a big one, not
the town that barely leaves off being country:

The hardships of our comforts are our tests.
The city builds a kind of strength in man

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to cope with too much warmth and too much ease;
a courage in him to be free in crowds;
a wisdom to know more than neighborhood,
a tolerance that leaves to newspapers
the reading of glass houses and the stones.

A city man will shy off from a calf;
a countryman smells into hell in subways.

Books

Statesman a la Mode

Crowded Years. By William G. McAdoo. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

LET no one pick up this book with the expectation that it will contain important historical revelations, new light upon the making of Wilson and his Administration, or some startling inner history of the war. It is in its essence, like the man who wrote it in collaboration with William E. Woodward, at times frank, often engaging and very naive. It reads as if it had been dictated to a reporter, for the conversational style holds throughout. The "I's" "flash by like telegraph poles from a railroad train." "I shall not give a complete digest"; "I shall not weary you with going too much into details," and so on. But here is the very McAdoo who came to New York from Tennessee with a bride and no money, who sold bonds and then practiced law; who conceived the idea of tunneling under the Hudson; and who, upon the strength of his personality, his face with its strong suggestion of Lincoln, and his skill in selling himself and his scheme, carried the idea through to completion. Into the offices of the financial mighty he found his way; to the elder J. P. Morgan himself, to Elbert Gary, and all the rest. Miraculously they not only gave him money; they permitted him to head his company, so that with the aid of great engineering he carried his plan through to success.

Then came the Wilson opportunity. William F. McCombs, an unknown and temperamentally unhappy graduate of Princeton, conceived the idea of booming Wilson for the Presidency, as did George Harvey. McAdoo voluntarily enlisted in the cause and found his great chance. His native shrewdness, his knowledge of men, an ability to play conventional politics while championing a high idealism, a complete faith in democracy which called for the freeing of the electorate from the very plutocracy that had backed him and his tunnel—all these combined to make him indispensable to the candidate. His conflict with McCombs and McCombs's shortcomings and intense jealousies; how nearly McCombs wrecked Wilson during the Baltimore convention by advising surrender; how McAdoo stood alone on the burning deck; and how McCombs raged jealously during and after the campaign—all this is set forth here, without bitterness or rancor, in reply to McCombs's own story. Naturally, McCombs, who essayed a role far beyond his powers and his physical strength, was enraged when McAdoo got a Cabinet job while he was asked to content himself with the ambassadorship to France, just as George Harvey raged because he could not win the ambassadorship to the Court of St. James—these discoverers of Woodrow Wilson early selected their jobs themselves, and many of them were quite shameless in letting it be known.

Mr. McAdoo insists that he assured Wilson at the outset that he labored for him with no thought of office; but, as would ninety-nine men out of a hundred, he accepted a Cabinet post with alacrity. With no financial experience whatever, he was put into the Treasury in true American style, and there he made good. When the war came he took on office after office until he held six vital ones—an unequaled achievement in our history. He does not deny that he did extremely well in all of them, and furnishes much striking proof thereof, notably as to the railroad administration. The Administration of which he was a part also did extremely well. It accomplished "more than all the Administrations of the previous fifty years put together"! But here many specifications are clearly omitted; the volume was doubtless not large enough. He does speak in detail of his own part in putting through the Federal Reserve Act, without, to his credit be it said, claiming to be the author thereof. In delightful, gentle self-satisfaction he shows in page after page how Glass, Vanderlip, Warburg, and all the Wall Street men were at times or always wrong, and he always right. He even boasts of his Machiavellian strategy in pretending to advocate—and swearing he meant it—the precise opposite of what he desired, as in the matter of his fake proposal of a Treasury bureau bank, in order to frighten or maneuver his Congressional and Wall Street adversaries into the position he wished them to take. That there might be some question regarding the ethical propriety of such acts never enters his head. It was merely clever maneuvering—a series of happy triumphs over his enemies.

As for his naivete, his courtship of Mr. Wilson's daughter is described in these unblushing words:

> It was not long before I discovered that my interest in her was more than platonic. Being twice her age, I resolved that I could never tell her about it; it didn't seem quite fair to her, in the first place, and again, I was not vain enough to believe that she could ever consider me in any other light than that of a friend. . . . Miss Eleanor and I danced together frequently. At such times, with the rosy unfolding of waltz music in the air, stern resolves against self-revelation are likely to dissolve in a mist. I made up my mind to propose to her. I did not know when I would make my confession; I awaited a favorable moment. It is rather curious about proposals. . . . One evening she remarked that she was leaving in a few days to spend Christmas at Pass Christian, on the Gulf coast. That was December of 1913. I knew that I should not see her again for several weeks; it seemed a long time. So there, sitting on a park bench in the evening twilight, I made my confession.

What a bucolic scene—and what bucolic taste!

But this is only one instance. He is profoundly pleased that after their first baby came and it was suspended in a metallic crib outside of a window for its daily naps, the sightseeing autos stopped regularly to point out the "granddaughter of the President." And with regard to the wily Arthur James Balfour, who came to Washington in April, 1917, as the head of the British War Mission, and to mislead Messrs. McAdoo and Wilson by his failure to tell them of the secret agreements among the Allies (Wilson's alleged ignorance of which helped on his undoing in Paris), our genial autobiographer exclaims: "I found in him a delightful gentleman with an unmistakable air of breeding and culture. *If I had not known his antecedents, I should never have taken him for a man of affairs.* The mark of the university was all over him." What a fortunate thing it is that Mr. Balfour is not alive to read this. That great philosopher and sly politician would probably take it out on our American people once more in order to achieve revenge. At any rate, it is a historic fact that Mr. McAdoo survived his disappointment that Balfour was neither an Elbert Gary nor a Charlie Schwab.

But if Mr. McAdoo is at times as childlike as he is bland, he can also show his teeth, as in his references to Mr. Hoover. The present President's chief distinction in the war—distributing free food to the Belgians—was, says McAdoo, "easily

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won, I fancy, as I judge from long observation that the job of giving away things requires very little wear and tear on one's ability." The next time Mr. Hoover appears it is because he "greatly alarmed" the country by "dire prophecies" of a food shortage, for which he blamed Mr. McAdoo's railroads—a falsehood, because the railroad administration (i.e., McAdoo) "had the matter well in hand and the problem was being solved rapidly." McAdoo is quite sure Hoover's statement gave much aid and comfort to the Germans. McAdoo countered, and Mr. Hoover appeared at McAdoo's office with his counsel, Mr. Glasgow, to be told that he must not air his complaints in the press but go to the proper authorities. Says Mr. McAdoo:

> Mr. Glasgow said, while Mr. Hoover made a minute examination of the floor, that Mr. Hoover would do that in future. Mr. Glasgow finished his say. Mr. Hoover completed his inspection of the floor and they took their departure. . . .
>
> Glasgow did all the talking, Hoover sat with downcast eyes, like a diffident schoolboy. Beyond the greeting when he came in and his goodby, I do not recall that he had anything to say. Glasgow told me, on Hoover's behalf . . . that Mr. Hoover regretted his statement.

One of the most interesting chapters of this most readable book is the son-in-law's tribute to his father-in-law. In it the old enthusiasm survives:

> We have here the intellectual aristocrat who speaks from the high tower of intelligence; whose words are vivid with the essence of the world's culture, whose ideas are neat and clear and precise.
>
> Woodrow Wilson was a great man in the true sense. He possessed vision and creative power, the two primary qualities of a great mind. He looked over the heads of other men, above the confusion of contemporary events, to distant horizons. There was no trace of intellectual squalor in his life; none of his ideas came from the slums and back alleys of thought; he had an innate capacity for lifting all his mental processes to a lofty plane.

I violate no confidence when I say that, although there were frequent times when Mr. McAdoo and Mr. Wilson disagreed, Mr. Wilson entirely agreed with his son-in-law in this estimate of himself.

When it comes to the war itself Mr. McAdoo has nothing but the old threadbare reasons for our participation. Why did we have to pull the chestnuts out of the fire with such moral and financial disaster to ourselves when Wilson had declared that there must be "no victors and no vanquished"?

> Because it was not possible to avoid war with honor. . . . To have stayed out after the insults that had been slapped into our faces for more than two years would have made the word American a synonym for coward in every quarter of the world. . . . The United States would have become a universal target of contempt.

What a pity that Mr. McAdoo has not been abroad since the war to find out what our Allies, and the rest of the world, have thought of us, the contempt in which they hold and held us! But the champion statement of all is the following:

> Even when war with Germany became inevitable, the President did not take the final step until the whole country was behind him. He did not want to lead an unwilling people into the most terrible war in the history of mankind, and much of the hesitation with which he has been so harshly accused was the result of that attitude.

There is only one word to be applied to this: it is a deliberate and crass falsehood. And no one knows this better than Mr. McAdoo. Why, if this was true, was it necessary to send thousands of Americans to jail; to browbeat and bludgeon hundreds of thousands of others into subscribing to the Liberty Loans at the behest of Mr. McAdoo's strong-arm bond salesmen? Someone ought to get this child statesman to read the record of what happened in the great Scandinavian sections of the country which were so united in their opposition to war. Someone ought to tell him about what the feeling was in certain sections of his own beloved Southland. He should talk to the leaders of our 12,000,000 Negroes. Someone ought to ask him why his secret service was swelled into thousands upon thousands of men and the country filled with spies, military and civil, if the country was all for the war. Someone should ask him why the New York police broke up meeting after meeting of Irishmen. And what about the State Councils of Defense whose first duty it was to deal with the seditious, the disaffected, the dissenters? But what's the use? No man could pen such a misrepresentation and honestly expect it to be swallowed by even the most gullible. It is enough to render dubious every statement in the book. Certainly, had it been true it would not have been necessary for Mr. McAdoo to let loose a veritable flood of Liberty Loan orators, cajoling, wheedling, lamenting, threatening, browbeating, and all the time describing the Germans as "worse than snakes" and then apologizing to the snakes for having compared them to such fiendish creatures in human form. Mr. McAdoo may have forgotten these speeches; there are a good many thousands of his fellow-countrymen who have not.

Naturally after such a statement it is idle to expect any realization in this book of what the war did to America. Of course Mr. McAdoo is opposed to our remitting the Allied debts and paying off all his Liberty Loans ourselves—he wants to take the West Indies in exchange for them. He tells us nothing about our having saved democracy—for the Bolsheviks and Mussolini. He has failed to tell us how gloriously our participation in the war to end war has ended war for all time. He marvels at the terrible Administrations which followed that of his father-in-law, but this child statesman shows no understanding that Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover, the black reaction we have lived through since the war, the enthronement in Washington of the very masters of capital and privilege whom he and Wilson sought to fight are all the direct result of our going to war to save our "honor." And so also in large degree is the depression in which we live.

Oh, yes, there is one interesting reference to the present grave situation which is also the true measure of Mr. McAdoo's statesmanship:

> Among other things of primary import, it is the business of political science to consider the deeply rooted defect of our civilization which makes a part of our people extravagantly rich and another part of them desperately poor; and which causes cycles of economic depression with their evil accompaniment of widespread unemployment and distress. We must find out the exact causes of poverty, not as politicians but as scientists of humanity, and then we must set about devising remedies.
>
> We must try to discover why there are so many unhappy people in a country that is so rich in material wealth.
>
> These are fundamental problems. They go deeper than the income tax, or the tariff, or the building of battleships. The politics of the future will have to deal with them, not in a spirit of partisanship, but with the fair-minded attitude of the scientist.

Thus does he realize the gravity of the world crisis; thus does he understand the grave plight of the capitalistic system, in the collapse of which he was one of the chief agents! This is the original contribution in this grave hour of one who is still talked of as a fitting candidate for the Presidency.

Yes, this is, as I have said, an entertaining book, full of romance, full of drama, the story of the typical rise of the poor but honest American boy to the seats of the mighty. Doubtless it will please, and perhaps inspire, many—but not those whose minds are mature, who are capable of reasoning deeply.

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For them it will be a melancholy record. It remains a striking example of how men may rise to the highest place, not because of long and arduous intellectual service in behalf of their country, not because of long training in finance or administrative office or statesmanship, but because they at the right moment adopt another man's ambition and cleverly direct it to its goal—and then help to mismanage and betray the country which has honored them.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

The Men of Property

Maid in Waiting. By John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

FROM a respectful perusal of Mr. Galsworthy's latest book, the reader learns that

1. When a young man is in trouble, you should help him by finding him "the perfect girl."

2. The course of true love never did run smooth.

3. Beneath the oddity of his accent (made odder still by Mr. Galsworthy's peculiar slang *trouvailles*), the most blusteringly energetic American conceals a heart of gold.

4. The Very Best Families, less wealthy than in the good old days, have to endure some inconvenience in a sadly democratized England.

5. Nevertheless, old England is fundamentally sound because its fine old generals and fine old admirals and fine old statesmen are fine and old.

6. It is distressing to see animals killed for sport and equally distressing (not to say puzzling) to see so many poor persons starving in the streets of London.

From a comfortable armchair in his Surrey garden Mr. Rudyard Kipling has, for two decades, been gazing at the history of his time in pop-eyed and shocked bewilderment. Mr. Galsworthy now takes the White Man's Burden from Mr. Kipling's shoulders and ballyhoos (with dignity) the fine old ruling class which, after two hundred years of that arduous labor involved in properly regulating the flow of working-class blood, has finally brought England to its present position of economic and political eminence. Mr. Galsworthy's manly voice (slightly touched with mellow emotion) rings out:

> All over the British Empire men made more or less in this image were doing the work and playing the games of the British World. The sun never set on the type; history had looked on it and decided that it would survive. Satire darted at its joints and rebounded from an unseen armor.

It would be interesting to hear what Mr. Gandhi—not to speak of any Lancashire mill-worker—would have to say to this fine old utterance.

But in applauding the sentiments, we must not forget the plot of "Maid in Waiting." Hubert Cherrell, an officer and a gentleman—one of those splendid young English heroes whose manly qualities are apparently identical with a complete incapacity for lingual expression—has, in self-defense, murdered a Bolivian muleteer in the course of a journey of exploration. His story is not believed; and it remains for his sister, Dinny, to clear the family name of dark dishonor. Mr. Galsworthy is under the impression that she accomplishes the job by turning on her typically English charm (synonymous, it would seem, with thoroughgoing innocence before the spectacle of life); but even the gentlest of readers is more apt to view her success in terms of the *esprit de corps* of the propertied classes. Having picked the right ancestors, Dinny is able to ring the right doorbells. Young Hubert's honor, after as ingenious a series of obstacles as Mr. Sabatini ever thought of, is finally vindicated; and the spirit of old England pulls through, gentlemen, as it always does and, please God, always will.

Galsworthy piddles while England burns. The author of one of the most interesting social novels of the century polishes the buttons on the tunics of senile generals while his country passes through the preliminary agonies of a gigantic class upheaval. Is it possible that the decay of Galsworthy's own property-owning class has so befuddled his brain that all his shrewdness, all his seriousness have departed from him? Is this smooth husk of barren words, which had a successful serial career in the pages of *The Ladies' Home Journal,* the work of the author of "The Forsyte Saga"? Has this dignified and decent-minded man fallen so fatally in love with his own popularity that he must perforce indite saccharine fairy tales for marshmallow-minds? Or, as one would like to suspect, is "Maid in Waiting" just one huge typographical error?

CLIFTON FADIMAN

Emma Goldman

Living My Life. By Emma Goldman. Alfred A. Knopf. Two volumes. $7.50.

> Come! Let us lay a crazy lance in rest,
> And tilt at windmills under a wild sky!
> For who would live so petty and unblest
> That dare not tilt at something ere he die,
> Rather than, screened by safe majority,
> Preserve his little life to little ends,
> And never raise a rebel battle-cry!
>
> Ah! for the weapon wistful and sublime,
> Whose lifted point recks naught of woe or weal,
> Since fate demands it shivered every time!
> When in the wildness of our charge we reel
> Men laugh indeed—the sweeter heavens smile,
> For all the world of fat prosperity
> Has not the value of that broken steel!

THESE stanzas, though by no more revolutionary a writer than John Galsworthy, might have served Emma Goldman as a battle song, for they express almost perfectly the inner value and the outer futility of her lifelong rebellion. Her autobiography expands this theme into two long volumes, richly alive and possessing that special quality of power that comes from unrestraint. If the story is a record of many defeats, it is at least a brave achievement in its own right. The author manages at the same time to order events and to loose the whole flood of her emotion. One recalls the dismal chaos of adventure and confession that usually results from such copious exposure. But Emma Goldman's nature is a large one: her emotions are terrific and her mind surprisingly orderly. The result of these forces, working for once in easy unison, is a fine piece of writing, unnecessarily full and detailed but always absorbing.

The story of her life is almost too voluminous to summarize. It reaches over sixty-two full years and describes her active participation in the turmoil of the revolutionary movement during more than forty of them. Emma Goldman herself marks her real "birth" by the date of the Haymarket hangings in 1887, for it was that tragic event which woke the passion of revolt that has flamed through all the years. Since then she has written and lectured, published a magazine, led strikes, fought the police, endured the third degree, addressed mass-meetings, been in and out of jail. She helped Alexander Berkman in the preparations for his attempt on the life of Frick during the Homestead lockout; and for years afterward she fought for Berkman's release from prison. She defended the boy who shot McKinley and was accused of instigating his act. She

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has lectured on the drama and argued for birth control. She opposed the war and the draft and the repressions that followed them. She worked for the release of Mooney and Billings. She was deported to Russia—without doubt illegally—and there she plunged into the post-revolutionary struggle. Outraged by the ruthless repression and centralized control of the Bolshevik Government, she left Russia, and since then has bitterly attacked Soviet methods.

Through all this Emma Goldman has led a vivid personal life; she is no ascetic devotee. She has loved many men, hated a good many more, and has established friendships that seem to have outlasted the more intense relations. Her range of acquaintance is impressively varied, outside as well as within the revolutionary army: writers and politicians, actors and ministers and prostitutes crowd the pages of the book.

But her personal affairs and emotions should in no way be segregated from her more public ones. Emma Goldman displays a complete incapacity for, or disinterest in, the usual sorts of differentiation. The emotion that drove her was a single force, whether it was directed against the might of the government of Russia or toward the fulfilment of personal passion. The excitement of a mass-meeting was akin to the thrill of an embrace. A few sentences occurring early in her book will illustrate this quality:

> Then Most ascended the platform, and everything else seemed blotted out. I was caught in the storm of his eloquence, tossed about, my very soul contracting and expanding in the rise and fall of his voice. It was no longer a speech, it was thunder interspersed by flashes of lightning. . . . The meeting was at an end. Sasha and I filed out with the rest. I could not speak: we walked on in silence. When we reached the house where I lived, my whole body began to shake as in a fever. An overpowering yearning possessed me, an unutterable desire to give myself to Sasha, to find relief in his arms from the fearful tension of the evening.

Similarly, Emma Goldman's response to the misery of mankind at large was as strong and personal as her sympathy for a suffering friend. Her collective emotions moved her as only private feelings move most of us. And she talks of all her passions with impartial frankness—a frankness surpassingly simple and pure, even childlike.

Herein lies her undeniable power. Her emotion is both intense and universal, her expression of it—in words and actions—unrestrained, her courage completely instinctive. She is contemptuous of any intellectualizing that stands in the way of faith and action. Always she feels first and thinks later—and less. I realize that I am describing here a process common to the rest of the human breed, but a difference is created by the range and strength of Emma Goldman's capacity for emotion, which render insignificant by comparison the "wishful thinking" of most of us.

How attractive and how terrifying is this unabashed acceptance of feeling as the test of action! The primitive passions are justified, even harnessed to high and impersonal aims; the laborious processes of analysis are made to appear sterile; realism becomes something rather anemic and cynical. Life itself is lent color and warmth and meaning. We may reject such satisfactions as immature, but some part of our being remains envious, feels itself "petty and unblest"—and unfulfilled. No wonder the authorities, whether in Soviet Russia or the United States, consider Emma Goldman a menace. Such consecration and abandon are permissible only when they are on the "right" side, and they are seldom to be found on the right side for they ally themselves naturally with rebellion. They become of value only when wars are to be fought, religions founded, or revolutions made, and then only for a brief while. Emma Goldman was created to ride whirlwinds.

But the value of such emotion to the individual seldom fails. A person like Emma Goldman needs, I feel sure, few external rewards. She thrives not on success but on opportunities for expression, and her vitality is renewed from springs of feeling that never go dry for reasons of outward circumstance. Her publishers advertise her book as a record of defeat. So it is if one is to judge it in terms of objective results. But as a study in subjective achievement what a personal triumph these volumes reveal!

FREDA KIRCHWEY

A Mississippi Dreiser

The Cabin in the Cotton. By Harry Harrison Kroll. Ray Long and Richard R. Smith. $2.

THIS novel has great defects, but its very faults give it not a little of its interest; they are indeed deeply involved with the author's chief virtue, which is a passionate absorption in his subject matter. Mr. Kroll undoubtedly has the first requisite of literary talent—the capacity to see the essential features of his material, and to concentrate on them. The story is confined to the life of a Mississippi cotton plantation, an economic and social organization which is the last remnant of feudalism in this country. The conflict of viewpoint that makes the story is the strife between the planter and his poor-white tenants, and Mr. Kroll, with the true instinct for drama, puts these warring attitudes in one person, his hero, who is a poor white educated out of his class by the beneficence of the planter. Thus Danny Morgan is divided between loyalty to his "own folks" and gratitude to his employer. Now, the planter—in this respect doubtless typical of his feudal class—pads the accounts of his tenants, so that they never "pay out"; in retaliation the tenants burn the plantation store and the gin house. Morgan is privy to the rascality of both parties: which side shall he choose? His desire for self-advancement (he passionately wishes to be "like" the planter folk) urges him to betray his kin; his better instincts tell him that true character is the best ambition. After partial betrayals of both loyalties (which Mr. Kroll motivates and builds up with considerable power) he finally, in a melodramatic scene at the end, repudiates the planter and becomes a sentimental hero.

The trouble with the plot is this: there is constant vacillation between a sociological, or pseudo-economic, thesis and a pure interest in the characters. It is dramatically most effective to limit the scene to the plantation, a complete world confining the destinies of a hundred lives: to Morgan there could be nothing higher or more powerful than the planter, nothing more abused and debased than the tenant. But as a social thesis, which is the chief impulse of the book, it is curiously false: the planter exploits the tenant, but the whole agricultural system is exploited by big business. Doubtless the planter, in this situation, should be noble, and refuse, even if ends cannot be met, to exploit the tenant in return; but he is not noble, he is human. To make the economic thesis of the book credible, Mr. Kroll would have been compelled to analyze the whole economic system of the country—which his dramatic instinct, or perhaps a kind of saving ignorance, would not let him do. But, as it is, his chief character does not wrestle with fate; he wrestles with an incomplete economics.

Danny Morgan is thus an abstraction. The only characters who come to life are three or four poor whites, incidental characters who are not involved in the oversimplified terms of the thesis; these are rich in conception, and show a thwarted power in Mr. Kroll for disinterested contemplation of people. The planter, feared and hated by his tenants, is not feared enough; he is only abstract injustice. Mr. Kroll has little insight into the complex forces that have made the Mississippi planter. For the same reason he misses the true vulgarity of the planter's

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daughter in the vulgarity of his hero's perceptions of her: the mind of the planter class is a great mystery that the hero thinks he can fathom with motor cars and fine clothes. The fuddled hero and the magnificent rich—shades of Mr. Dreiser; and I think it is remarkable that a writer with much of Dreiser's power, and some of his conscientious vulgarity, should have come out of a Mississippi plantation. ALLEN TATE

The Battle of Determinism

The Universe in the Light of Modern Physics. By Max Planck. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.

IN this little book, the translation of an address delivered at the University of Leyden in 1929, the originator of the quantum theory attempts to piece together an intelligible and unified world picture after the revolutionary upheavals of the new physics. To the outsider it comes with a shock to be told that relativity is not part of the revolutionary upheavals, but belongs rather to the system of "classical" physics. The real upheavals, as Professor Planck points out, came as a result of the development of the quantum theory, that puzzling conception which introduced a living contradiction into physics by giving radiant energy at one and the same time both corpuscular and wavelike properties. To cap the climax, it was revealed in this connection that electronic processes—the basic processes of the physical world—could not be traced continuously from moment to moment and point to point, and that no laws of their behavior could be formulated except those of a statistical kind, dealing with group averages rather than with individuals.

The public is aware of how Eddington has utilized these facts to generate a skepticism of science and a reinstatement of free will and traditional religion. There is no determination governing the physical world, and the boasted laws of the scientist are nothing but statistical averages of processes that are themselves undetermined and free! In this book Professor Planck takes the other tack. He makes a deterministic profession of faith, and tries to show that the facts of the quantum theory, properly interpreted, have not upset the belief in cause and effect.

In the formulation of electronic processes two equivalent mathematical methods are now available. One of these is the method of matrix mechanics, which, without making any physical suppositions about non-observable magnitudes, gives a statistical account of electronic interaction. The other is the method of wave mechanics, which developed around the great discovery of De Broglie that a material particle possesses an associated wave relationship. This scheme, besides straightening out the original contradiction of the quantum theory by showing that not only radiation but matter itself has the dual properties of corpuscularity and wave structure, offers an explanation of electronic processes that is far less disturbing, even though its practical results are the same as those of the other method. The matrix method puts the scientist face to face with ultimate entities that seem to have an arbitrary will of their own, and the fact that these entities obey a statistical regularity appears to him rather specious—a calm surface over an underlying chaos. On the other hand, from the wave approach the behavior of the electrons is something that grows out of an organic interconnection of nature, although for various technical reasons the scientist can give only a statistical description of that behavior.

Planck stresses the wave theory as a support for determinism exactly as Eddington stresses the matrix conception as a support for indeterminism; and it may be said that, between the dogmatic profession of determinism on the one hand and the dogmatic profession of indeterminism on the other, the real

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philosophic significance of the quantum theory is in danger of being lost. For a long time philosophers have been criticizing the scientific conception of causality or determinism, not with the idea of discrediting science, but rather to show that scientific causality is in the nature of a formal scheme, supported by reality but not an ultimate translation of reality. In other words, they were interested in showing not that reality is without connection, but rather that the particular type of connection we are looking for in natural science is only a partial aspect of the ultimate interconnectedness of things; and that as such it legitimately leaves room for the approach of ethical idealism in human relations, and incidentally for the growth of science itself, which would be paralyzed if reality were identified with a particular scientific system. The philosophers' criticisms fell on deaf ears, largely because the scientist in his professional work was occupied with framing perfect mechanical systems and never realized that these systems, like ready-made doors, were fitted to reality by the use of certain arbitrary constants, screws and hinges so to speak, which marked the junction between hard fact and human theory. As it happens, through the shifting of the scientific context the physicist has now become professionally more aware of the formal character of his scientific constructions. Thus, when he has to deal more and more with statistical formulations he realizes that he is working obviously with aspects of things rather than with their ultimate nature. But this is no reason for distrusting statistical knowledge, which is no more and no less formal than the so-called causal knowledge, whose formal character was simply disguised.

In short, there is no reason to despair of science, as Eddington does, and rush to theology. Nor should it be necessary to revive the faith in science by postulating beyond the realm of observation a metaphysical determinism whose contradictory character was revealed long ago. Instead of vain repining and equally vain consolation, scientists should rather adopt the joyful spirit of Spinoza, who rejoiced at the discovery of his own errors because they enabled him to climb ever higher on the road to wisdom.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG

A Neo-Romantic Poet

Panama, or the Adventures of My Seven Uncles. By Blaise Cendrars. Translated from the French and Illustrated by John Dos Passos. Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

JOHN DOS PASSOS has made a felicitous translation of a group of poems by Blaise Cendrars, at least one of which, the long Prosody of the Transsiberian, has been a famous example of modern poetry for almost a generation. Dos Passos has much in common with Cendrars; he has the same vibrant revolutionary spirit, the same overwhelming interest in the actual world with all its characteristic sores, the same love of travel, the same effect of speed in writing combined with indifference to musical perfection. Nevertheless, the appearance of Cendrars's poems in English tempts one to reconsider the whole twentieth-century school of poets with which the versatile Swiss Parisian is identified.

Cendrars is one of a number of writers and painters who used to gather about Guillaume Apollinaire in Paris and who absorbed much of that fertile man's instructions as well as his gift for pleasantries. Through Apollinaire, toward 1910, the cubist movement in painting grew articulate; in the reviews he founded, Blaise Cendrars, André Salmon, Max Jacob, and many others were launched or relaunched upon the public. Later the dadaists, or super-realists, such as Philippe Soupault and Louis Aragon, blossomed under Apollinaire's friendly offices. Even certain (recently deceased) Russian poets, such as Yessenine and Maiakovsky, hark back to the same source; while younger American poets have not escaped the influence of this school, received either at first or second hand. These various writers, though differing in personal accent and style, do exhibit a perceptibly common point of view upon the affairs of the twentieth century, and as a group oppose themselves to the literature of the neo-Catholics, or neo-classicists, whose philosophies, according to the foreword by Dos Passos, "are vaguely favorable to fascism, pederasty, and the snob-mysticism of dying religion."

Cendrars, who certainly shares some of Apollinaire's honors as a forerunner, reflects both the more adventurous artistic qualities and the weaknesses of his school. Broadly speaking, his poetry is "neo-romantic" in its feeling; and we perceive this best when we compare him to Valéry or the later T. S. Eliot. Like Apollinaire he found himself at odds with the mechanized and rather brutal society of the early twentieth century. He set about expressing his contempt, not too solemnly, and praying for the downfall of this society. (Later the dadaists would be hatching fantastic conspiracies to "demoralize all the bourgeois" through a propaganda of anarchy.) But Cendrars and Apollinaire before the World War, both feeling themselves outside society, had instinctively embraced a Bohemian tradition; Bohemianism seems to keep art alive in capitalist democracies. They were also deeply impressed by the revolutions in the plastic arts which followed the work of Cézanne and which they witnessed at close hand from the cafe tables of Montmartre. African sculpture had been discovered; the primitive Italians had been discovered. Their friends Picasso, Modigliani, Chagall had all become primitives. The poets too tried to develop a new palette of colors; they too sought the primitive note. Cendrars found it in an altered, Manchester-like Europe of factories and slums, a new Europe of transcontinental trains, revolutions, immigrant steamships. He looked for the primitive as far as Abyssinia (in the footsteps of Rimbaud), Siberia, and America. The world into which he was born had already lost its values; it had lost all the refinements of aristocratic society; its salient traits were instability and confusion. Hence there is bitterness in the laughter of Cendrars.

But the sense of life was strong in these new poets. They were more deeply prompted than the classicists to return to a fresh observation of the actual, vulgar world about them in process of transformation. They anticipated drastic changes in our arts and culture; they were ready to attempt new forms for the theater, the movies, the press; they courted the novel and the exotic as all romantics have done.

Cendrars was not a man to retire into the shuttered depths of a monastery. He was seized with the restlessness which was an effect of his age. He must be a globe-trotter, galloping about the world.

> Paris—New York
> Now I've made all the trains race the whole length of my life . . .
> I'm traveling
> I've always been traveling
> I'm traveling with little Jehanne of France
> The train makes a perilous leap and lands on all its wheels
> The train lands on its wheels
> The train always lands on all its wheels

These poems of eighteen years ago have the quality of motion pictures taken from a shaking express train, a quality which Cendrars tried for deliberately. Was he not cultivating the two hemispheres as his garden patch? His pages are peopled with allusions to, rather than pictures of, tropical seaports, Oriental deserts, locomotives, revolutions, skyscrapers, wars. Moreover, his poems date from a period in French literature when it was a fashionable affectation to use the names of outlandish places like Mississippi or Timbuktu, or foreign words

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like "cocktail" and "policeman." The effectiveness of such tricks sometimes disappears in translation; but the overwhelming effect of mobility, of breathless speed, is successfully captured.

"Forgive me for not knowing the antique game of verse," the poet says. *His* verse is to be free, discursive, profane. Or now it may be in the form of telegraphic jottings, or Whitmanesque catalogues of places and sights and people. But his poems seldom touch a great music which would hypnotize us into reading them over and over again. They compose rather the journal of a modern poet; they give us his nostalgias and his visions, often penetrating, violent, yet as bewildering and neutralizing in their total effect as prolonged sight-seeing from an observation car. Cendrars's deficiencies, I have always felt, result from his own poetic limitations. Apollinaire and Soupault, with much the same approach, have remained artists. The poems of Cendrars leave us but the notebook of a colorful and itinerant modern personality who has come to know all the trains by the sound of their wheels.

> I've deciphered all the muddled texts of the wheels
> and collected a few elements of violent beauty . . .

He has looked for everything under the sun and has found fatigue. His last station is Paris: "Central terminal, transfer station of the will, crossroad of unrest."

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

Books in Brief

Sheridan. By Joseph Hergesheimer. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

Mr. Hergesheimer has done a competent piece of work, but it is inexplicable why he did it. The character of Sheridan does not interest him: if it does, that interest is not conveyed to the reader. The campaigns that Sheridan had a decisive part in—the Valley of Virginia in '64 and the pursuit of Lee to Appomattox—are told minutely, but at that half of the story is left out. Not enough of the Confederate movements appear to make the Federal movements comprehensible; moreover, the "grand strategy," while it is indicated, is too briefly sketched. On the whole, Mr. Hergesheimer's treatment presupposes too much in the reader; it is difficult for the reader to feel himself into a complex historical situation without very emphatic guides from the author. It is otherwise with the novel—and Mr. Hergesheimer's method of subdued, even narrative is dull because it is not quite appropriate to the subject.

The Human Parrot, and Other Essays. By Montgomery Belgion. Oxford University Press. $4.50.

Mr. Belgion is a critic who will be heard from, but with this volume of eleven miscellaneous essays he barely gets under way. His purpose in them all is to seize upon some leading assumption of our time and to expose its implications. The method is highly successful, but the brevity of his treatment exposes him to the charge of brilliant facility. Each essay might well be a small book; in the case of his discussion of the Russian state, a large one. His own point of view, which is roughly Platonism, is never made explicit, and he is content to use only half of the Socratic method—the exposure of contradiction in his opponent's theory. But for brilliance and concision of statement and a power of illuminating synthesis Mr. Belgion has no superior among English critics.

Nebuchadnezzar. By G. R. Tabouis. Whittlesey House. $5.

In "The Private Life of Tutankhamen" Mme Tabouis created one of the outstanding historical portraits in biographical

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literature. The work was crowned by the French Academy and fully deserved its coronation. The prestige it gave her, however, seems to have stimulated Mme Tabouis to drive her virtues to excess. Her study of Nebuchadnezzar she turns into a duel between the materialism of the great conqueror and the spiritualism of the Hebrew prophets, an interpretation not justified by historical realities. Her use of the present tense as a device to give the reader a sense of contemporaneity with past events becomes a mannerism; and her long passages of description justify themselves no more as rhetoric than they do as history. The book remains impressive, because Mme Tabouis's undeniable gifts survive her exhibitionistic use of them.

The French Boy. By Paul Vaillant-Couturier. Translated by Ida Treat. J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.50.

In answer to the question, "What does it mean to be born in France and to grow up a Frenchman?" presumably put to him by Americans, the editor of *l'Humanité* has written this graceful and suggestive story of his own childhood and youth. It has been excellently translated by his American wife, Ida Treat. The question is answered indirectly by the story of one boy born into a cultivated, middle-class French family. There is no attempt to form generalizations, make comparisons, or go into explanations. And of course no other young Frenchman ever had quite the same experiences. Nevertheless, this bit of autobiography is illuminating and in a broad sense representative. It is also charming.

Sir Walter Raleigh: That Damned Upstart. By Donald Barr Chidsey. The John Day Company. $3.75.

A popular biography, based on all the relevant printed materials but offering no new facts or interpretations. Mr. Chidsey tells his story briskly and clearly, but does not give any picture of the times or any interpretation of its spirit; he concentrates on Raleigh as man of action and almost ignores his intellectual activities. The book is written in lively staccato sentences, but there is no beauty in its style and little humor. A portrait of the second Earl of Essex, Roundhead general in the Civil War, is given as that of his father, the favorite of Queen Elizabeth.

The Early West. By W. J. Ghent. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.50.

According to the author, "The Early West" is "intended both for the general reader and the class student." The book lacks the interpretative insight so brilliantly and originally employed by W. P. Webb in his recent "The Great Plains"; it is wanting in the human element of E. Douglas Branch's ponderous "Westward"; but it is a well-ordered summary of events that took place in Louisiana and west of the Mississippi from the middle of the sixteenth century until the Oregon Trail had become history and the California gold rush was accomplished. Each chapter of the book is provided with a working bibliography. The value of the work lies not in its style but in the orderliness with which dispersed events and movements have been focused. Mr. Ghent should be thanked also for an excellent index.

The Corn King and the Spring Queen. By Naomi Mitchison. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.75.

The story of this long novel covers a period of forty years, and the scene shifts from Marob, on the shores of the Black Sea, to Athens and Sparta and Alexandria, with Marob, representing the barbarian world, contrasted with the older, decaying civilizations. The contrast is effective, and the past is evoked, at times brilliantly, in an informal, colloquial style that serves to destroy the sense of foreignness to our own times. The novel, however, is so very long, and so much action is included, that the characters are gradually buried; Erif Der and Terrik are much more real in the beginning than at the end. When the author neglects history and dramatizes her characters—as in the scenes of Erif Der's magic, or the arrival of the Greek philosopher—the result is more satisfactory than when she subordinates the characters to the detailed historical background.

Two People. By A. A. Milne. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

If A. A. Milne had to write a novel, he has at least written as inoffensive a one as possible. This story of a man who writes an uncommonly best-selling novel and adores his wife is just another novel in which they and others lead the incomprehensible lives of Britishers and in which much is made of a woman's intuition; but it is fairly free of the whimsy with which A. A. Milne's name has become identified.

Art

Matisse, Without Purpose

THE show of the works of Henri Matisse bespangling the walls of the museum in the Heckscher Building excites a curiosity, a suspense, not at all concerned with Henri Matisse. The quality and motive of his pretty paintings themselves are fairly evident, and quite uninteresting. What remains a problem, if only for the reason that it appears unfathomable, is the aim of the directors of the young institution. Ostensibly interested in the establishment of the idea of modern art in the shape of a museum, and the development of the public appreciation of "the true, the good, the beautiful" as revealed by the great recent painters, they are now to be found lending their rooms to a show mainly composed of the facile canvases of an extremely clever colorist who was once a daring, visionary artist. And the questions, To what end, this display? What idea is established, what taste developed, by such decadent work? are ineluctable among these gaudy images.

That Henri Matisse deserved an exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art is certain. During a portion of his career he was the banner man of the great tradition in painting, the tradition recaptured for the modern world by Cézanne and Van Gogh. The tradition which culminated before these giants in the paintings of Ingres, Courbet, Manet, and the impressionists, the conception of the business of art as the production of the perfect illusion of reality, the perfect imitation of objects, was after all a minor one, original in the materialism and naturalism of the dying Renaissance. The great art people had always conceived the work of art primarily as an organization of the formal elements of the medium, of line, shape, and color, in sympathy with an idea; recognizing that the material subject was of interest merely through its state of union with abstract, sheerly pictorial values. This wisdom is the secret spring of all directly affecting, sensuously communicative art. And in conceiving their pictures as totalities of form made up of formal units, and thus identifying the means and the object of art, Cézanne and Van Gogh actually restored the aesthetic of the Egyptians, the Orientals, the Byzantines, and the painters of the early Renaissance. Cézanne's unity was depth of space, Van Gogh's totality of plane, as in Japanese art. However dissimilar their techniques, both achieved a perfect unification of pictorial elements; and modern art was the inevitable consequence of this radical return to the wisdom of the ages.

Accepting Van Gogh's format of unity, totality of plane, Matisse took a step farther in the direction of the construction of abstract, purely pictorial values in painting by simplifying and

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enlarging Van Gogh's units of line, shape, and color. An incentive to this simplification, in particular the technique of abbreviating and accentuating human forms for the sake of rhythmical organization, undoubtedly came to Matisse from Persian stuffs and enamels and African wood-carvings. These works undoubtedly supplied him with a final authority for his broad planes of rich tones, his decorative use of form, his brilliant suites of unconventional, fascinating spaces; and a pattern for the world of his paintings. In that world, to quote further from Willard Huntington Wright, "every form has an interest, every line a completion, every space a plasticity; and everything is visibly interrelated." Possibly Matisse lacked a powerful rhythm and an eminent gift of organization even during his hour of leadership. A certain wanness, a certain laxity, breathes from many of the canvases representative of the period. La Joie de Vivre, that spring piece of his indirectly emulative of Botticelli's Primavera, is far less vigorous than its Florentine prototype. Neither is a certain crudity of technique to be overlooked. One has merely to examine one of the best pieces of this period in the current show, the Blue Nude, in particular the daub of blue placed beside the abdomen of the figure for the purpose of accentuating its rotundity, to be convinced of the deficiency. None the less, the formal distributions, "distributions in the flat sense," and the color oppositions of the best of these pieces are dazzling. The vision of the human form displayed by them, the rhythmical relation of its various parts are fresh and original and happy. The rosy back of the crouching woman in the Bathers with a Turtle is certainly a miracle of simplification and organization.

To be sure, there were difficulties in the path of an assemblage of Matisse's work in the grand tradition. The strongest and most exquisite of these canvases, the Portrait de Famille in particular, are in Russia. Matisse had a patron in Moscow named Stschoukine; and Stschoukine's houseful of Matisses is now the proud property of the Soviets. Still, the obstacles in the way of the show were not necessarily unnegotiable. A strong impulse could probably have succeeded in surmounting them, and such an impulse was decidedly in order. A representation of the sturdier, living, futuristic Matisse in the Museum of Modern Art would have affirmed modern art by exhibiting some of its achievements in the great tradition. In affirming the great tradition, the museum would both have educated its public by giving it a criterion, and encouraged the younger artists who have taken up the tradition where Matisse at least has left it hanging. And in educating the public and inspiriting the younger workers, the show would have supported the spiritual life of America. For the grand tradition is important not only as superior technique. Its greatest importance lies in the approach to creation as a whole implicit in it and communicated by it. That approach bears on something behind the tangible and the visible, some unity and equilibrium in things themselves reflected and laid hold of by the unity and equilibrium of the medium of art. And need it be repeated that the feeling of the whole, the conscious participation in general things, is the great bath of life?

The actual show in the Heckscher Building certainly affirms neither spirit nor art nor any high approach to life. The few early nudes, and the better of the decorative war-time canvases, such as the blue interior with the gold-fish and the green interior with the iron chair, are compromised by the mass of decadent recent painting. The total effect is melancholy: and whose good was ever served by the discovery of the nakedness of the drunken Noah? Matisse is surely very sober and very aware and a French gentleman in the flower of his age. Still, the fact of his decadence as an artist is lamentably clear. In quitting the grand front of the art of painting during the war, Matisse did not even return to the lesser tradition of Courbet and Manet and the impressionists, noble in their

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fidelity to the visible object, passionate in their zeal for the truth of the eye, the illusion of reality. Fully in possession of the decorative technique acquired during his years of experimentation, Matisse now appears very near the level of those who understand the function of art as the reproduction of pretty objects. His color juxtapositions are still brilliant; his sense of the decorative possibilities of the nude, delightful. But the color is shallow, the compositions facile, the purely pictorial values almost negligible. The attraction of these pictures is ultimately the magnetism of luxury—pretty colors, pretty models, pretty striped stuffs, windows on the Riviera, Spanish shawls, wall-paper designs backing wealthy-looking nudes, summer beaches on the Channel, fine feathers, good breakfasts, flowered hats. A spirit half of bourgeois complacency, half of ennui, breathes from them. One takes it that a French gentleman is doing something which comes fairly easily to him, between the hour of the horseback ride and the hour of a very fine *déjeuner*.

Hence one's search among these paintings for what, if anything, was in the minds of the directors who organized this show; and one's incessant questioning, To what end, this display? If the museum is interested in art, why does it not show the work of a creative artist? If it could not get the prime Matisse, why did it not have a show of Bracque or Picasso or Marin or O'Keeffe or any other painter at work in the great tradition? And if the best traditions of art are not its concern, then why all this twaddle about modern painting, or any painting at all?

PAUL ROSENFELD

Music

Has the Metropolitan Gone Musical?

AFTER an almost uninterrupted series of operatic stillbirths—from fiddling Negroes to sunken bells—the Metropolitan has hit upon Weinberger's "Schwanda, der Dudelsackpfeifer," which gives every promise of being a real success. It has already had upwards of a thousand performances in other countries, so the Metropolitan can hardly be credited with great sagacity in unearthing it, any more than it can be blamed for the operatic aridity of the age we live in, which partly explains the dull futility of its recent choices.

But it can claim credit for having given "Schwanda" a very lively and imaginative performance—quite exceptionally so as far as stage action and setting are concerned, and from the musical point of view on a very respectable level. Being an extraordinarily entertaining show, and having very effective and playable and singable music, "Schwanda" must have been fun to produce; and Messrs. Niedecken-Gebhard and Agnini, the new stage manager and stage director, have not hesitated to enjoy it thoroughly.

If you know Mr. Schorr chiefly as Wotan or Hans Sachs, or as the eloquent baritone of the Friends of Music concerts, you may be surprised to see—and hear—him as a convincingly roguish and ebullient youth. Maria Müller throws off her dignity with somewhat less ease, as Schwanda's wife. Mr. Laubenthal, as the robber-chieftain Babinsky, does a great deal both musically and histrionically to counteract unfortunate impressions made by many Siegmunds and Siegfrieds—which proves perhaps that a tenor is often better than he sounds in Wagner. Mr. Schützendorf as the pathetically bored and forlorn Devil and Mr. Windheim as the stuttering executioner are both very funny; Mr. Andresen as the Sorcerer and Mme Branzell as the Queen are properly impressive and sonorous. With some

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of Mr. Bodanzky's choices, such as the very fast tempo he chose for the Polka, taken much more slowly by both Messrs. Coates and Kleiber, it would be rash to quarrel from a superficial acquaintance with the music; the Polka seemed less effective at his tempo than at a slower speed, but the opera house imposes limitations not present in the concert hall.

"Schwanda" is, as you have doubtless heard, unoriginal. Its melodic material is compiled largely from folk-sources—or seems so. It is treated deftly but in a not unconventional style. The libretto recalls W. S. Gilbert more than anyone else, and the opera is reminiscent of many others—"The Bartered Bride," "Iolanthe," "The Gondoliers," "The Magic Flute," "The Fair at Sorotchintz," "Der Freischütz." Babinsky recalls Robin Hood, the Devil has points of resemblance to Koko and the Lord Chancellor and the Duke of Plaza-Toro, Schwanda's irrepressible good-nature is reminiscent of Till Eulenspiegel's. But when you are through noting resemblances and reminiscences you remember that "Schwanda" is consistently tuneful and amusing. In an age that produced many good operas it might have been insignificant, but in this one it is a green and pleasant oasis.

ARTHUR MENDEL

Drama

The Kinds of Comedy

WITHIN one particularly happy week two of the best American playwrights have given us a taste of their quality—Elmer Rice with his "Counsellor-at-Law" (Plymouth Theater) and S. N. Behrman with his "Brief Moment" (Belasco Theater). Two comedies could hardly be more different in their methods or effects, but each is a first-rate specimen of its kind and each is most remarkably good entertainment besides.

Mr. Rice's particular talents are perhaps the better known. He is interested in the contemporary scene and in the problems of the day; he is, besides, an exceptionally clever showman who can manipulate even the more conventional devices of the theater with a skill equal to that of any living playwright; but he gains his real distinction from the fact that few people have ever known better than he how to imitate what is most characteristic in the language and gesture of various contemporary types. Certain sections of his new play—like that first scene of the first act which establishes the atmosphere of the lawyer's office—create an atmosphere so admirably that they could stand by themselves as complete sketches; and time and time again one is moved irresistibly to laughter by the exquisite rightness of some remark made by an office boy, a telephone operator, or a dowager from the East Side. The play is serious in its undercurrent, for it is concerned with the personal tragedy of a self-made lawyer who is compelled by force of circumstance to wander through certain of the not too attractive back alleys of practice, but the effect is primarily the effect of comedy, and the whole is lifted to a high level by the presence of a gallery of caricatures so justly drawn that they become, perhaps, not caricatures at all but rather portraits which are funny chiefly because one recognizes them to be so exquisitely lifelike.

Mr. Behrman, on the other hand, comes closer than any of our contemporary playwrights has ever come before to rivaling the great masters of pure comedy in their own field. His scene is that half-fabulous realm of "good society" which is the scene of all pure comedy, and instead of being, like Mr. Rice, concerned with the actual idiosyncrasies of contemporary life, he is, like Congreve, endeavoring to illustrate that highly intellectual philosophy of life which finds expression in what is

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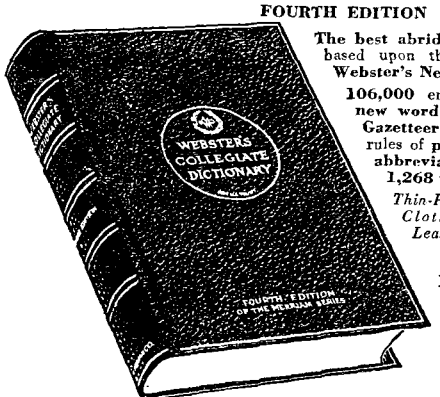

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called the Comic Spirit. All Mr. Rice's characters are in one sense stupid—at least to the extent that all real human beings are stupid—but all Mr. Behrman's personages are—as the personages in pure comedy must be—radiantly and almost incredibly intelligent. They may *do* foolish things and they may involve themselves in the difficulties which folly creates; but they talk as only the angels of some very worldly paradise could ever talk, and by talking they demonstrate the thesis of all pure comedy—namely, that intelligence by itself, that clear understanding together with the ability to put everything into a graceful phrase, is all man needs on earth.

Perhaps we ought to revive the distinction which was made in the seventeenth century between what was called humor and what was called wit. The former was defined as that kind of thing which is funny because it is characteristic of a particular person, while the latter was understood to be that kind of remark which is amusing in itself. Now it is obvious that Mr. Rice is interested in humor and Mr. Behrman in wit, but it ought, perhaps, to be added that wit, which belongs to pure comedy, owes its charm to the fact that it must be intelligent, that it is funny only because the needle point of a witty phrase always punctures some gaudy balloon of sentiment.

Just as the writer of tragedy must lend each of his characters his own poetic exaltation, so the writer of pure comedy must lend each of his characters his own intelligence, and I know no contemporary playwright who appears to have so much of this particular kind of intelligence as Mr. Behrman has. Incidentally, it is interesting to note that the central character of his "Brief Moment," like the central character of his previous comedy "The Second Man," is somewhat troubled by his inability to feel as acutely as he thinks he ought to feel about the things which he understands so clearly, and one wonders if Mr. Behrman realizes that what he is really describing is the predicament of a man to whom the Comic Spirit is native but who happens to find himself in a society not yet ready to recognize the adequacy of that spirit.

Both of these two comedies are admirably acted. Paul Muni gives a most excellent performance in "Counsellor-at-Law" and the whole cast shows the results of Mr. Rice's ability to get what he wants as director as well as playwright. In "Brief Moment" Mr. Alexander Woollcott, as the reclining sybarite, received most of the critical attention, but it would be juster, I think, to single out Francine Larrimore and Robert Douglas, while remarking that, though Mr. Woollcott is amusing and doubtless better than any other dramatic critic would be, he is nevertheless an amateur who keeps one constantly reminded of the fact that he is.

Miss Ethel Barrymore's revival of "The School for Scandal" (Barrymore Theater) is good enough though a little portentous. At the Broadhurst Theater Raymond Massey's "Hamlet" (with new settings by Norman Bel Geddes) is competent without being inspired, and it is cut to the bone. I must confess, however, that I have never seen a performance of that particular play in which the text did not manage to remain more striking than any performance or any setting, and by consequence all performances seem to me more alike than I should confess. Even bad ones remain "Hamlet," and therefore a play so superb that it seems almost as good when it is done badly as when it is done well. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"Cynara," by H. M. Harwood and R. F. Gore-Brown (Morosco Theater), is so much better written and acted than most contemporary triangle plays that the novelty of its situation, which shows a man (Philip Merivale) falling in love with a strange girl (Adrianne Allen) without in the slightest degree falling out of love with his wife (Phoebe Foster), has won it somewhat higher praise than on second thought it deserves.

M. V. D.

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